

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER LV.

It seemed incredible that Lilian could wander far without being observed. I soon ascertained that she had not gone away by the railway—by any public conveyance—had hired no carriage; she must, therefore, be still in the town, or have left it on foot. The greater part of the day was consumed in unsuccessful inquiries, and faint hopes that she would return; meanwhile, the news of her disappearance had spread: how could such news fail to do so?

An acquaintance of mine met me under the archway of Monks' Gate. He wrung my hand, and looked at me with great compassion.

"I fear," said he, "that we were all deceived in that young Margrave. He seemed so well conducted, in spite of his lively manners. But—"

"But what?"

"Mrs. Ashleigh was, perhaps, imprudent to admit him into her house so familiarly. He was certainly very handsome. Young ladies will be romantic."

"How dare you, sir!" I cried, choked with rage. "And without any colouring to so calumnious a suggestion! Margrave has not been in the town for many days. No one knows even where he is."

"Oh yes, it is known where he is. He wrote to order the effects which he had left here to be sent to Penrith."

"When?"

"The letter arrived the day before yesterday. I happened to be calling at the house where he last lodged when at L—, the house opposite Mrs. Ashleigh's garden. No doubt the servants in both houses gossip with each other. Miss Ashleigh could scarcely fail to hear of Mr. Margrave's address from her maid; and since servants will exchange gossip, they may also convey letters. Pardon me, you know I am your friend."

"Not from the moment you breathe a word against my betrothed wife," said I, fiercely.

I wrenched myself from the clasp of the man's hand, but his words still rang in my ears. I mounted my horse; I rode into the adjoining

suburbs, the neighbouring villages; there, however, I learned nothing till, just at nightfall, in a hamlet, about ten miles from L—, a labourer declared he had seen a young lady dressed as I described, who passed by him in a path through the fields a little before noon; that he was surprised to see one so young, so well dressed, and a stranger to the neighbourhood (for he knew by sight the ladies of the few families scattered round) walking alone; that as he stepped out of the path to make way for her, he looked hard into her face, and she did not heed him—seemed to gaze, right before, into space. If her expression had been less quiet and gentle, he should have thought, he could scarcely say why, that she was not quite right in her mind—there was a strange unconscious stare in her eyes, as if she were walking in her sleep. Her pace was very steady—neither quick nor slow. He had watched her till she passed out of sight, amidst a wood through which the path wound its way to a village at some distance.

I followed up this clue. I arrived at the village to which my informant directed me, but night had set in. Most of the houses were closed, so I could glean no further information from the cottages or at the inn. But the police superintendent of the district lived in the village, and to him I gave instructions which I had not given, and indeed would have been disinclined to give, to the police at L—. He was intelligent and kindly: he promised to communicate at once with the different police-stations for miles round, and with all delicacy and privacy. It was not probable that Lilian could have wandered in one day much farther than the place at which I then was; it was scarcely to be conceived that she could baffle my pursuit and the practised skill of the police. I rested but a few hours, at a small public-house, and was on horseback again at dawn. A little after sunrise, I again heard of the wanderer. At a lonely cottage, by a brick-kiln, in the midst of a wide common, she had stopped the previous evening, and asked for a draught of milk. The woman who gave it to her inquired if she had lost her way? She said, "No;" and only tarrying a few minutes, had gone across the common; and the woman supposed she was a visitor at a gentleman's house which was at the further end of the waste, for the path she took led to no town, no

village. It occurred to me, then, that Lilian avoided all highroads, all places, even the humblest, where men congregated together. But where could she have passed the night? Not to fatigue the reader with the fruitless result of frequent inquiries, I will but say that at the end of the second day I had succeeded in ascertaining that I was still on her track; and though I had ridden to and fro nearly double the distance—coming back again to places I had left behind—it was at the distance of forty miles from L—that I last heard of her that second day. She had been seen sitting alone by a little brook only an hour before. I was led to the very spot by a woodman,—it was at the hour of twilight when he beheld her—she was leaning her face on her hand, and seemed weary. He spoke to her; she did not answer, but rose, and resumed her way along the banks of the streamlet. That night I put up at no inn: I followed the course of the brook for miles, then struck into every path that I could conceive her to have taken—in vain. Thus I consumed the night on foot, tying my horse to a tree, for he was tired out, and returning to him at sunrise. At noon, the third day, I again heard of her, and in a remote savage part of the country. The features of the landscape were changed; there was little foliage and little culture, but the ground was broken into mounds and hollows, and covered with patches of heath and stunted brushwood. She had been seen by a shepherd, and he made the same observation as the first who had guided me on her track, she looked to him “like some one walking in her sleep.” An hour or two later, in a dell, amongst the furze-bushes, I chanced on a knot of ribbon. I recognised the colour Lilian habitually wore; I felt certain that the ribbon was hers. Calculating the utmost speed I could ascribe to her, she could not be far off, yet still I failed to discover. The scene now was as solitary as a desert; I met no one on my way. At length, a little after sunset, I found myself in view of the sea. A small town nestled below the cliffs, on which I was guiding my weary horse. I entered the town and while my horse was baiting went in search of the resident policeman. The information I had directed to be sent round the country had reached him; he had acted on it, but without result. I was surprised to hear him address me by name, and looking at him more narrowly I recognised him for the policeman Waby. This young man had always expressed so grateful a sense of my attendance on his sister, and had, indeed, so notably evinced his gratitude in prosecuting with Margrave the inquiries which terminated in the discovery of Sir Philip Derval’s murderer, that I confided to him the name of the wanderer of which he had not been previously informed; but which it would be, indeed, impossible to conceal from him should the search in which his aid was asked prove successful,—as he knew Miss Ashleigh by sight. His face immediately became thoughtful. He paused a minute or two, and then said:—

“I think I have it, but I do not like to say; I may pain you, sir.”

“Not by confidence; you pain me by concealment.”

The man hesitated still; I encouraged him, and then he spoke out frankly.

“Sir, did you never think it strange that Mr. Margrave should move from his handsome rooms in the hotel to a somewhat uncomfortable lodging, from the window of which he could look down on Mrs. Ashleigh’s garden? I have seen him at night in the balcony of that window, and when I noticed him going so frequently into Mrs. Ashleigh’s house during your unjust detention, I own, sir, I felt for you—”

“Nonsense; Mr. Margrave went to Mrs. Ashleigh’s house as my friend. He has left L— weeks ago. What has all this to do with—”

“Patience, sir; hear me out. I was sent from L— to this station (on promotion, sir), a fortnight since last Friday—for there has been a good deal of crime hereabouts, it is a bad neighbourhood, and full of smugglers;—some days ago, in watching quietly near a lonely house, of which the owner is a suspicious character, down in my books, I saw, to my amazement, Mr. Margrave come out of that house—come out of a private door in it, which belongs to a part of the building not inhabited by the owner, but which used formerly, when the house was a sort of inn, to be let to night lodgers of the humblest description. I followed him; he went down to the sea-shore, walked about, singing to himself, then returned to the house, and re-entered by the same door. I soon learned that he lodged in the house, had lodged there for several days. The next morning, a fine yacht arrived at a tolerably convenient creek about a mile from the house, and there anchored. Sailors came ashore, rambling down to this town. The yacht belonged to Mr. Margrave, he had purchased it by commission in London. It is stored for a long voyage. He had directed it to come to him in this out-of-the-way place, where no gentleman’s yacht ever put in before, though the creek, or bay, is handy enough for such craft. Well, sir, is it not strange that a rich young gentleman should come to this unfrequented sea-shore, put up with accommodation that must be of the rudest kind in the house of a man known as a desperate smuggler, suspected to be worse? Order a yacht to meet him here; is not all this strange? But would it be strange if he were waiting for a young lady? And if a young lady has fled at night from her home, and has come secretly along by-paths, which must have been very fully explained to her beforehand, and is now near that young gentleman’s lodging, if not actually in it, if this be so, why, the affair is not so very strange after all. And now do you forgive me, sir?”

“Where is this house? Lead me to it.”

“You can hardly get to it except on foot; rough walking, sir, and about seven miles off by the shortest cut.”

"Come, and at once; come, quickly. We must be there before—before——"

"Before the young lady can get to the place. Well, from what you say of the spot in which she was last seen, I think, on reflection, we may easily do that. I am at your service, sir. But I should warn you that the owners of the house, man and wife, are both of villanous character—would do anything for money. Mr. Margrave, no doubt, has money enough, and if the young lady chooses to go away with Mr. Margrave, you know, I have no power to help it."

"Leave all that to me; all I ask of you is to show me the house."

We were soon out of the town; the night had closed in; it was very dark in spite of a few stars; the path was rugged and precipitous, sometimes skirting the very brink of perilous cliffs; sometimes delving down to the sea-shore—there stopped by rock or wave—and painfully rewinding up the ascent.

"It is an ugly path, sir, but it saves four miles; and anyhow the road is a bad one."

We came, at last, to a few wretched fishermen's huts. The moon had now risen, and revealed the squalor of poverty-stricken ruinous hovels; a couple of boats moored to the shore; a moaning, fretful sea; and, at a distance, a vessel, with lights on board, lying perfectly still at anchor in a sheltered curve of the bold rude shore. The policeman pointed to the vessel:

"The yacht, sir; the wind will be in her favour if she sails to-night."

We quickened our pace as well as the nature of the path would permit, left the huts behind us, and, about a mile farther on, came to a solitary house, larger than from the policeman's description of Margrave's lodgment, I should have presupposed: a house that in the wilder parts of Scotland might be almost a laird's; but even in the moonlight it looked very dilapidated and desolate. Most of the windows were closed, some with panes broken, stuffed with wisps of straw; there were the remains of a wall round the house: it was broken in some parts (only its foundation left). On approaching the house, I observed two doors, one on the side fronting the sea, one on the other side facing a patch of broken ground that might once have been a garden, and lay waste within the enclosure of the ruined wall, encumbered with various litter—heaps of rubbish, a ruined shed, the carcase of a worn-out boat. This latter door stood wide open—the other was closed. The house was still and dark, as if either deserted or all within it retired to rest.

"I think that open door leads at once to the rooms Mr. Margrave hires; he can go in and out without disturbing the other inmates. They used to keep, on the side which they inhabit, a beer-house, but the magistrates shut it up; still it is a resort for bad characters. Now, sir, what shall we do?"

"Watch separately. You wait within the enclosure of the wall, hid by those heaps of rubbish, near the door; none can enter but what you

will observe them. If you see her, you will accost and stop her, and call aloud for me; I shall be in hearing. I will go back to the high part of the ground yonder, it seems to me that she must pass that way; and I would desire, if possible, to save her from the humiliation, the—*the* shame of coming within the precincts of that man's abode. I feel I may trust you now and hereafter. It is a great thing for the happiness and honour of this poor young lady and her mother, that I may be able to declare that I did not take her from that man, from any man—from that house, from any house. You comprehend me, and will obey? I speak to you as a confidant—a friend."

"I thank you with my whole heart, sir, for so doing. You saved my sister's life, and the least I can do is to keep secret all that would pain your life if blabbed abroad. I know what mischief folks' tongues can make. I will wait by the door, never fear, and will rather lose my place than not strain all the legal power I possess to keep the young lady back from sorrow."

This dialogue was interchanged in close hurried whisper behind the broken wall, and out of all hearing. Waby now crept through a wide gap into the enclosure, and nestled himself silently amidst the wrecks of the broken boat, not six feet from the open door, and close to the wall of the house itself. I went back some thirty yards up the road, to the rising ground which I had pointed out to him. According to the best calculation I could make—considering the pace at which I had cleared the precipitous pathway, and reckoning from the place and time at which Lillian had been last seen, she could not possibly have yet entered that house—I might presume it would be more than half an hour before she could arrive; I was in hopes that, during the interval, Margrave might show himself, perhaps at the door, or from the windows, or I might even by some light from the latter be guided to the room in which to find him. If, after waiting a reasonable time, Lillian should fail to appear, I had formed my own plan of action; but it was important for the success of that plan that I should not lose myself in the strange house, nor bring its owners to Margrave's aid—that I should surprise him alone and unawares. Half an hour, three quarters, a whole hour thus passed—no sign of my poor wanderer; but signs there were of the enemy, from whom I resolved, at whatever risk, to free and to save her. A window on the ground floor to the left of the door, which had long fixed my attention because I had seen light through the chinks of the shutters, slowly unclosed, the shutters fell back, the casement opened, and I beheld Margrave distinctly; he held something in his hand that gleamed in the moonlight, directed not towards the mound on which I stood, nor towards the path I had taken, but towards an open space beyond the ruined wall, to the right. Hid by a cluster of stunted shrubs, I watched him with a heart that beat with rage, not with

terror. He seemed so intent in his own gaze, as to be inattentive or unconscious of all else. I stole round from my post, and still, under cover, sometimes of the broken wall, sometimes of the shaggy ridges that skirted the path crept on, on till I reached the side of the house itself; then, there secure from his eyes, should he turn them, I stepped over the ruined wall, scarcely two feet high in that place, on—on towards the door. I passed the spot on which the policeman had shrouded himself: he was seated, his back against the ribs of the broken boat. I put my hand to his mouth that he might not cry out in surprise, and whispered in his ear; he stirred not. I shook him by the arm; still he stirred not. A ray of the moon fell on his face. I saw that he was in a profound slumber. Persuaded that it was no natural sleep, and that he had become useless to me, I passed him by. I was at the threshold of the open door; the light from the window close by falling on the ground; I was in the passage; a glimmer came through the chinks of a door to the left; I turned the handle noiselessly, and, the next moment, Margrave was locked in my grasp.

"Call out," I hissed into his ear, "and I strangle you before any one can come to your help!"

He did not call out; his eye, fixed on mine as he writhed round, saw, perhaps, his peril if he did. His countenance betrayed fear, but as I tightened my grasp that expression gave way to one of wrath and fierceness; and as, in turn, I felt the gripe of his hand, I knew that the struggle between us would be that of two strong men, each equally bent on the mastery of the other.

I was, as I have said before, endowed with an unusual degree of physical power, disciplined, in early youth, by athletic exercise and contest. In height and in muscle I had greatly the advantage over my antagonist, but such was the nervous vigour, the elastic energy of his incomparable frame, in which sinews seemed springs of steel, that had our encounter been one in which my strength was less heightened by rage, I believe that I could no more have coped with him than the bison can cope with the boa; but I was animated by that passion which trebles for a time all our forces—which makes even the weak man a match for the strong. I felt that if I were worsted, disabled, stricken down, Lilian might be lost in losing her sole protector; and, on the other hand, Margrave had been taken at the disadvantage of that surprise which will half unnerve the fiercest of the wild beasts; while as we grappled, reeling and rocked to and fro in our struggle, I soon observed that his attention was distracted—that his eye was turned towards an object which he had dropped involuntarily when I first seized him. He sought to drag me towards that object, and when near it, stooped to seize. It was a bright, slender, short wand of steel. I remembered when and where I had seen it, whether in my waking state or in vision, and as his hand stole down to take it from the floor I set on

the wand my strong foot. I cannot tell by what rapid process of thought and association I came to the belief that the possession of a little piece of blunted steel would decide the conflict in favour of the possessor, but the struggle now was concentrated in the attainment of that seemingly idle weapon. I was becoming breathless and exhausted, while Margrave seemed every moment to gather up new force, when, collecting all my strength for one final effort, I lifted him suddenly high in the air, and hurled him to the farthest end of the cramped arena to which our contest was confined. He fell, and with a force by which most men would have been stunned; but he recovered himself with a quick rebound, and, as he stood facing me, there was something grand as well as terrible in his aspect. His eyes literally flamed, as those of a tiger; his rich hair, flung back from his knitted forehead, seemed to erect itself as an angry mane; his lips, slightly parted, showed the glitter of his set teeth; his whole frame seemed larger in the tension of the muscles, and as gradually relaxing his first defying and haughty attitude, he crouched as the panther crouches for its deadly spring, I felt as if it were a wild beast whose rush was coming upon me—wild beast, but still Man, the king of the animals, fashioned forth from no mixture of humbler races by the slow revolutions of time, but his royalty stamped on his form when the earth became fit for his coming.*

At that moment I snatched up the wand, directed it towards him, and, advancing with a fearless stride, cried,

"Down to my feet, miserable sorcerer!"

To my own amazement, the effect was instantaneous. My terrible antagonist dropped to the floor as a dog drops at the word of his master. The muscles of his frowning countenance relaxed, the glare of his wrathful eyes grew dull and rayless; his limbs lay prostrate and unnerved, his head resting against the wall, his arms limp and drooping by his side. I approached him slowly and cautiously; he seemed cast into a profound slumber.

"You are at my mercy now!" said I.

He moved his head as in sign of deprecating submission.

"You hear and understand me? Speak!"

His lips faintly muttered "Yes."

"I command you to answer truly the questions I shall address to you."

"I must, while yet sensible of the power that has passed to your hand."

"Is it by some occult magnetic property in this wand that you have exercised so demoniac an influence over a creature so pure as Lilian Ashleigh?"

* "And yet, even if we entirely omit the consideration of the soul, that immaterial and immortal principle which is for a time united to his body, and view him only in his merely animal character, man is still the most excellent of animals."—Dr. Kidd on the Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man (Sect. iii. page 18). †

"By that wand and by other arts which you could not comprehend."

"And for what infamous object?—her seduction, her dishonour?"

"No! I sought in her the aid of a gift which would cease, did she cease to be pure. At first I but cast my influence upon her that through her I might influence yourself. I needed your help to discover a secret. Circumstances steeled your mind against 'me. I could no longer hope that you would voluntarily lend yourself to my will. Meanwhile, I had found in her the light of a loftier knowledge than that of your science; through that knowledge, duly heeded and cultivated, I hoped to divine what I cannot of myself discover. Therefore I deepened over her mind the spells I command—therefore I have drawn her hither as the loadstone draws the steel, and therefore I would have borne her with me to the shores to which I was about this night to sail. I had cast the inmates of the house, and all around it, into slumber, in order that none might witness her departure; had I not done so, I should have summoned others to my aid, in spite of your threat."

"And would Lilian Ashleigh have passively accompanied you, to her own irretrievable disgrace?"

"She could not have helped it; she would have been unconscious of her acts; she was, and is, in a trance; nor, had she gone with me, would she have waked from that state while she lived; that would not have been long."

"Wretch! and for what object of unhalloved curiosity do you exert an influence which withers away the life of its victim?"

"Not curiosity, but the instinct of self-preservation. I count on no life beyond the grave. I would defy the grave, and live on."

"And was it to learn, through some ghastly agencies, the secret of renewing existence that you lured me by the shadow of your own image on the night when we met last?"

The voice of Margrave here became very faint as he answered me, and his countenance began to exhibit the signs of an exhaustion almost mortal.

"Be quick," he murmured, "or I die. The fluid which emanates from that wand in the hand of one who envenoms the fluid with his own hatred and rage will prove fatal to my life. Lower the wand from my forehead; low—low;—lower still!"

"What was the nature of that rite in which you constrained me to share?"

"I cannot say. You are killing me. Enough that you were saved from a great danger by the apparition of the protecting image vouchsafed to your eye, otherwise you would—you would—Oh, release me! Away! away!"

The foam gathered to his lips; his limbs became fearfully convulsed.

"One question more: Where is Lilian at this moment? Answer that question, and I depart."

He raised his head, made a visible effort to rally his strength, and gasped out,

"Yonder. Pass through the open space up the cliff, beside a thorn-tree—you will find her

there, where she halted when the wand dropped from my hand. But—but—beware! Ha! you will serve me yet, and through her! They said so that night, though you heard them not. THEY said it!" Here his face became death-like; he pressed his hand on his heart, and shrieked out, "Away—away! or you are my murderer!"

I retreated to the other end of the room, turning the wand from him, and when I gained the door, looked back; his convulsions had ceased, but he seemed locked in a profound swoon. I left the room—the house—paused by Waby; he was still sleeping. "Awake!" I said, and touched him with the wand. He started up at once, rubbed his eyes, began stammering out excuses. I checked them, and bade him follow me. I took the way up the open ground towards which Margrave had pointed the wand, and there, motionless, beside a gnarled fantastic thorn-tree, stood Lilian. Her arms were folded across her breast; her face, seen by the moonlight, looked so innocent and so infantine, that I needed no other evidence to tell me how unconscious she was of the peril to which her steps had been drawn. I took her gently by the hand. "Come with me," I said, in a whisper; and she obeyed me silently, and with a placid smile.

Rough though the way, she seemed unconscious of fatigue. I placed her arm in mine, but she did not lean on it. We got back to the town. I obtained there an old chaise and a pair of horses. At morning Lilian was under her mother's roof. About the noon of that day fever seized her, she became rapidly worse, and, to all appearance, in imminent danger. Delirium set in; I watched beside her night and day, supported by an inward conviction of her recovery, but tortured by the sight of her sufferings. On the third day, a change for the better became visible, her sleep was calm, her breathing regular.

Shortly afterwards she woke, out of danger. Her eyes fell at once on me, with all their old ineffable tender sweetness.

"Oh, Allen, beloved, have I not been very ill? But I am almost well now. Do not weep; I shall live for you—for your sake." And she bent forward, drawing my hand from my streaming eyes, and kissing me with a child's guileless kiss on my burning forehead.

CHAPTER XVI.

LILIAN recovered, but the strange thing was this: all memory of the weeks that had elapsed since her return from visiting her aunt was completely obliterated; she seemed in profound ignorance of the charge on which I had been confined; perfectly ignorant even of the existence of Margrave; she had, indeed, a very vague reminiscence of her conversation with me in the garden—the first conversation which had ever been embittered by a disagreement—but that disagreement itself she did not recollect. Her belief was that she had been ill and light-headed since that evening. From that evening to the hour of her waking, conscious and revived, all

was a blank. Her love for me was restored, as if its thread had never been broken. Some such instances of oblivion after bodily illness or mental shock are familiar enough to the practice of all medical men;* and I was therefore enabled to appease the anxiety and wonder of Mrs. Ashleigh by quoting various examples of loss, or suspens on, of memory. We agreed that it would be necessary to break to Lillian, though very cautiously, the story of Sir Philip Derval's murder, and the charge to which I had been subjected. She could not fail to hear of those events from others. How shall I express her womanly terror, her loving sympathising pity, on hearing the tale, which I softened as well as I could?

"And to think that I knew nothing of this!" she cried, clasping my hand; "to think that you were in peril, and that I was not by your side!"

Her mother spoke of Margrave as a visitor—an agreeable, lively stranger; Lillian could not even recollect his name, but she seemed shocked to think that any visitor had been admitted while I was in circumstances so awful! Need I say that our engagement was renewed? Renewed! To her knowledge and to her heart it had never been interrupted for a moment. But oh, the malignity of the wrong world! Oh, that strange lust of mangling reputations, which seizes on hearts the least wantonly cruel! Let two idle tongues utter a tale against some third person, who never offended the babblers, and how the tale spreads, like fire, lighted none know how, in the herbage of an American prairie! Who shall put it out?

What right have we to pry into the secrets of other men's hearths? True or false, the tale that is gabbled to us, what concern of ours can it be? I speak not of cases to which the law has been summoned, which law has sifted, on which law has pronounced. But how, when the law is silent, can we assume its verdicts? How be all judges, where there has been no witness-box, no cross-examination, no jury? Yet, every

* Such instances of suspense of memory are recorded in most physiological, and in some metaphysical, works. Dr. Abercrombie notices some, more or less similar to that related in the text: "A young lady who was present at a catastrophe in Scotland, in which many people lost their lives by the fall of the gallery of a church, escaped without any injury, but with the complete loss of the recollection of any of the circumstances; and this extended not only to the accident, but to everything that had occurred to her for a certain time before going to church. A lady whom I attended some years ago in a protracted illness, in which her memory became much impaired, lost the recollection of a period of about ten or twelve years, but spoke with perfect consistency of things as they stood before that time." Dr. Abercrombie adds: "As far as I have been able to trace it, the principle in such cases seems to be, that when the memory is impaired to a certain degree, the loss of it extends backward to some event or some period by which a particularly deep impression had been made upon the mind."—Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, pages 118, 119 (15th edition).

day we put on our ermine, and make ourselves judges—judges sure to condemn, and on what evidence? That which no court of law will receive. Somebody has said something to somebody, which somebody repeats to everybody!

The gossip of L—— had set in full current against Lillian's fair name. No ladies had called or sent to congratulate Mrs. Ashleigh on her return, or to inquire after Lillian herself during her struggle between life and death.

How I missed the Queen of the Hill at this critical moment! How I longed for aid to crush the slander, with which I knew not how to grapple—aid, in her knowledge of the world, and her ascendancy over its judgments. I had heard from her once since her absence, briefly but kindly expressing her amazement at the ineffable stupidity which could for a moment have subjected me to a suspicion of Sir Philip Derval's strange murder, and congratulating me heartily on my complete vindication from so monstrous a charge. To this letter no address was given. I supposed the omission to be accidental, but on calling at her house to inquire her direction, I found that her servants did not know it.

What, then, was my joy when, just at this juncture, I received a note from Mrs. Poyntz, stating that she had returned the night before, and would be glad to see me.

I hastened to her house. "Ah," thought I, as I sprang lightly up the ascent to the Hill, "how the tattlers will be silenced by a word from her imperial lips!" And only just as I approached her door did it strike me how difficult—nay, how impossible to explain to her—the hard positive woman, her who had, less ostensibly but more ruthlessly than myself, destroyed Dr. Lloyd for his belief in the comparatively rational pretensions of clairvoyance—all the mystical excuses for Lillian's flight from her home? How speak to her—or, indeed, to any one—about an occult fascination and a magic wand? No matter: surely it would be enough to say that, at the time, Lillian had been light-headed, under the influence of the fever which had afterwards nearly proved fatal. The early friend of Anne Ashleigh would not be a severe critic on any tale that might right the good name of Anne Ashleigh's daughter. So assured, with light heart and cheerful face, I followed the servant into the great lady's pleasant but decorous presence-chamber.

A COTTON EDEN.

My name is Caleb Bottersloot. I am of Dutch origin, though born in England, and my father was Burgomaster of Biesbosh, some few miles from Dort. I was sent to London for my commercial training, and, as I became attached to the place, I remained there, and subsequently entered into business on my own account. I throve well for a time, but a change came over my dream, and I became ultimately a dweller in Syria. In fact, I lost nearly all my money by listening to the honest counsels of that smiling

and cordial four feet of manhood, Thomas Trap, Esquire, a highly respectable and well-to-do Outsider of Capel-court, who somehow or other had the luck of growing rich at the expense of his clients.

What was I to do? My most valued English friends thought it an excellent joke on the part of Trap, and begged me to consider them at my service for any and everything, except money and credit. I shook the dust off my feet, and gave them my good wishes, in return; and then looking abroad, recollected there was such a place as Deutschland, and that nestled therein, was the goodly, clumsy, cleanly, and picturesque city of Rotterdam, where some five years of my youth had been agreeably spent. In Rotterdam, moreover, dwelt one of my oldest friends, Anthony Kaatts by name, brother of one Peter Kaatts, also my dear friend, who had emigrated to the Levant.

Anthony was a merchant of much wealth, and Peter had large landed and other possessions. Anthony and Peter were partners: the latter having an establishment at Beyrout, as well as a silk factory and village in the Libanus. Anthony Kaatts was truly a glorious fellow; no *arrière pensées*, no touch-me-not calculating prudence, no stand-off, Mr. Poverty, about him! Both he and his brother Peter, I may venture to say, were pure and simple—two of the noblest works of God. They loved the world and enjoyed it, because it loved them; and it loved them because they had no enjoyment unallied with the consciousness of making others happy. They were both of them of Dutch build; a substantial form of the mundane creature that I much esteem over your thin and sallow Carrius. This, however, may be merely a natal, or rather national, prejudice, as well as the inference that the former are capable of larger and more sympathetic purpose.

Anthony saw that I was ruined utterly; but Anthony did not therefore cachinnate, holding his gorgeous sides—not he. Anthony took me to his heart and embraced me—and almost shouted in his gladness, that he should make a man of me yet. Peter, he said, had already enough and overmuch to do at his factory in the mountains; and that I should be the Beyrout partner.

Was not this delightful to one who had been shorn to the skin by an instrument sharpened on Three per Cents. Reduced?

I parted from my friend Anthony, and took my stand on the deck of the good ship Over-yssel, bound for Beyrout. Now, albeit I like the smell of tar, it follows not that I should go over the thrice-told tale of a sea-trip—a thing to be eschewed as a most egregious superfluity. Therefore, I step at once upon the quay at Beyrout, crowded with Arabs and merchandise.

In the midst of a noisy and bustling scene, I was accosted by a youth with a pleasant countenance, who announced himself as an emissary from my friend Peter Kaatts. Peter's house was charmingly situated in full view of the har-

bour, with terraces and kiosques, "gardens of gûl in their full bloom," &c.; and Peter's reception of me was as cordial as Anthony's.

Our dinner-table was so arranged as to give us a splendid view of the sea through the open French windows—open, commonly, in that exquisite climate. We banqueted sumptuously, and over our claret and coffee talked much of the land of dykes, and of the good deeds of Anthony among his countrymen, in addition to his sharing expenses with Peter himself in the benefits which the latter had introduced into Syria. Truly they were twin in the holy work of benevolence.

Although we sat somewhat late into the night, I rose early the next morning, refreshed, and looked out upon ocean-bound Lebanon—one of the fairest prospects in the world. It reminds one of a chain of Alps—but under effects of colour infinitely more beautiful than those observed in higher latitudes. The range extends from Cape Saïde to Latakia; the mountainous wall being grandly indented with gorges of vast extent, made rich by clustering vines, fig-trees, the sycamore, mulberry, carol, pine, and walnut. It is after passing the primary chain of elevations that we arrive at what is specially denominated "the Lebanon."

Within the former region was my friend Peter's country establishment, and it was proposed that we should pay a visit to it early in the week.

A lovely morning was that which welcomed our gallop along the sea-shore; orange, and aloes, and the sycamore-fig forming a natural and umbrageous arcade. We reached Cape Batroun and the rock of Adonis; and here our path was an ascent for some distance. Descending from our hilly apex, we came upon the monastery of Antoura, and, following a path somewhat intricate and steep for six miles or so, it opened out into a high-road worthy of the coaching times of Albion. Around us the scenery was the most romantic that imagination can picture; and to imagination I, plain and commercial-minded Caleb Bottersloot, must leave it.

At a sudden turn of the defile, the clustered groups of white habitations, cottage-shapen, and environed with gardens and verdure, burst on the sight. This was Eden. Peter, who had grown to twice his European size under the fostering air of Libanus, was not sorry at approaching a haven of rest. Nevertheless, neither heat nor fatigue affected his good-natured smile, or the bland recognition he gave to his worthy overseer Aboubek, who received us with benediction. "Sala el Kaër!"

Peter's factory was one of the largest and most commodious establishments of the kind I have ever seen, and stood amidst a forest of mulberry-trees, the latter abutting upon a valley of considerable extent.

Peter was not only a grower and winder of silk, but was also a rearer of cattle, and cultivator of maize, barley, wheat, oil, and the vine. Samples, too, of sugar from the cane, coffee, and

cotton (equal to Sea-island) were among the products of the valley. Thus, some three hundred souls adolescent, with a back-ground of women and children, were dependent upon Peter.

Eden was, as I have already hinted, a model of picturesqueness, nor was it less remarkable for comfort and for happy physiognomies. The population, not only here but throughout great part of Lebanon, is Maronite; and the Maronites, as a people, are in almost every sense admirable. They are Christian by profession, and therefore allied to us of the North by the closest and most sympathetic ties. They are a very handsome race, and polite in manner without slavishness. The Catholic Maronite clergy are liberal in their views and pure in their morals; and the secular portion are allowed to marry.

In every village is a sheik for the administration of justice; but, truth to say, law and police have little occupation in a community so peaceful and industrious. My friend Peter contrived to introduce a vast number of ameliorations among the people of his village of Eden, without interfering with the sheik, who kept up his usual state, seated at his door, surrounded by his horses, and by his officers in superb pelisses, like himself, and armed with the jewelled yataghan and kandjar. Here I must remark that there are many Edens, or Ehdens, in the Libanus. One of these, of which travellers speak much, is situated on the slope of what may be termed the "real" Lebanon. But my friend's Eden was like none of them. It was much less a collection of streets, than of gardens, each with its pretty villa-like dwelling. And, as to cleanliness, those habitations are something delightful to look upon. My friend has not hitherto experimented largely in cotton-growing, but the result has been most successful, and the quality is equal to the finest from the Southern United States. He is now about to speculate on an extensive breadth of land, and, blessed by climate, soil, and a hard-working Christian and intelligent population, there can be no doubt of his success. The Maronite is, by his qualities and his religion, a great commercial element, and is infinitely superior to the Pagan Druse, who, statistically, has no future. The Eden of my friend Peter and the territory around, did not come within that vortex of spoliation which originated with a faction of bigoted Turks, and is never likely to recur.

And, therefore, Manchester capital could not be better employed than in encouraging the production of cotton in Peter's region. The average production would be at least equal to that of Egypt, and of finer quality and of more certain crop; and, as the statistics of the latter have been published, I need not say more on that head. Here is a vast territory to commercial enterprise—a territory with an admirable port, and not remote from our own shores. If America should continue unavailable, we may solace ourselves by looking eastward, and we

shall soon discover that India, Egypt, and the Lebanon, will give us all the cotton we require.

GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?

A MAN whom all the world held to be guilty was acquitted of a charge of murder at the last assizes. The reporters necessarily abridged the proceedings before the court; and the prisoner's counsel, content with the curious perplexities raised by the cross-examination, withheld all direct evidence for the defence, in order that he might not give to the prosecution the right of reply, and of thus having the last word in the ear of the jury. The issue proved that a skilful lawyer exercised a sound judgment herein. But now, as it chanced that we have the whole story before us, including evidence withheld, and hearsay evidence not legally admissible, we find coincidences so curious on the side of a theory of innocence, warring against circumstantial evidence so strong for the theory of guilt, that it will be instructive to show by a little detail how sometimes a man's life and credit may hang on the nicest poising of the scales of justice.

The case will at once be recognised by every newspaper reader; but we disguise it, as much as may be necessary to avoid the permanent association of the good names of innocent people with a story of crime that has already given them trouble enough, by reason of their having seen or heard something that made them links in a chain of circumstantial evidence. And now for the tale:

Mr. Bright, rector of Wegby, a rural parish in Surrey, had, for some time before Monday the tenth of June, been sojourning, together with his whole household, at the house of his wife's father, at Brome: himself coming to Wegby to officiate, every Sunday. He slept at the parsonage on the night of Sunday, the ninth, and left again for Brome on Monday morning. During the absence of the family, Martha Smith, an elderly woman, wife of the parish clerk, had charge of the parsonage; and there she was left alone on the Monday evening, by the clerk, her husband, who had his own house to take care of, and who went there to sleep. Except her murderer, he was the last person by whom she was seen alive.

When he came to the back door of the parsonage on Tuesday morning, Martha's husband found it shut, but the front door was open, this being the reverse of what was usual during the family's absence. Not finding his wife downstairs, he went to her bedroom, and there found her lying on the floor, in her nightdress, stiff and cold, bound hand and foot with hempen cord, and with a handkerchief tied over her face. Under the handkerchief was a sock belonging to the house, that had been crammed into her throat. The entrance of the murderer had evidently been made at the window, for it was open, and a pane had been broken from the outside to undo the latch. The room had been

ransacked, but no property carried off. A beechen cudgel was picked up in the room, but on the body there were no marks of blows. An apparently sure clue to the discovery of the murderer lay on the floor. There was picked up, just under the bed, and about six inches from the shoulder of the corpse, a packet of six papers, tied round with thread. Upon opening the packet, these papers were found to be all written in German. Three of the six papers were a book called a service-book—being the credentials furnished in Germany to craftsmen and others—a sort of thing unknown in England; a certificate of birth, and a certificate of baptism; all three purporting to belong to Karl Kranz, of Schandau, in Upper Saxony, and the first containing, as is usual in such documents, a description of his person. The other three of the six papers did not suggest any connexion with Kranz. They were, a letter without direction, soliciting relief from some female personage of quality, and signed "Adolf Mohn;" another letter, only three or four days old, in the handwriting of a German lady, resident in London, where she is eminent as an opera singer; this letter, bearing date the 7th of June, or the preceding Friday; lastly, there was a slip of paper with a number of addresses within it.

There could be no doubt that the person who left this packet of papers in the chamber was the murderer, or a companion of the murderer, and suspicion was of course directed towards Germans. There soon came forward several persons who had seen two Germans in the neighbourhood at about the time of the murder, and who described the appearances of those two men. The police were then everywhere on the alert to apprehend persons answering the description. A few weeks of vain search elapsed, and then a destitute German was arrested in London on some trivial charge, whose appearance corresponded so well with the description in the service-book, that he was conjectured to be Karl Kranz. He was handed over, therefore, to the police of the district in which the murder was committed, and a preliminary inquiry was held before magistrates at three several sittings. At the first hearing, the prisoner gave the name of Hallman, but at the close of the second, he confessed that his real name was Karl Kranz, and that he was the owner of the documents bearing his name. He was committed for trial.

The arguments for the prisoner's guilt reduced themselves to three heads. First, he was identified beyond question, both by his own confession and by the testimony of a police-officer brought from Saxony, as the owner of the papers bearing his name, and the individual to whom the service-book had been delivered on the sixth of April. Secondly, there was a witness who swore positively that he was one of two foreigners seen near the spot on the day preceding the murder: a testimony which was supported by the statements, more or less definite, of several other witnesses. For example, John Brown said that he sat for one hour in a

public-house at Reigate, on the Monday, with two men, who talked together in a foreign language. One of those men was the prisoner. He saw him again at Newgate among a dozen others, and singled him out without a moment's hesitation. "I cannot," said this witness, "have been mistaken." The potman at the public-house said: "On the Sunday morning, two foreigners, one short and dark, the other taller and fairer, came to the house and stayed there the whole day, except that about midday the shorter one went out for a little while, to buy flour. They both slept there and stayed till two o'clock on Monday, when both went out for about half an hour, but returned. They both left together finally, at about four o'clock on Monday." He was in and out of the room all the time they were there, and saw them repeatedly. "The prisoner," said this witness, "is the taller of the two men." Mary Roberts, servant to Mr. Blount, brush and string-dealer, of Reigate, said that when she heard two men talking in a foreign language in her master's shop, on the Monday afternoon, she peeped through the small window, and watched them while her mistress was selling them a ball of string. "I believe," said this witness, "the prisoner is one of them. He looks very much like him." And Mrs. Blount herself, who sold to one of the two foreigners the ball of cord on the Monday, said: "The prisoner's height and general appearance are very much like those of the taller of the two men, but his features I cannot realise." John West said, that when in a thicket, within two miles of Wegby, on the Monday evening, at seven o'clock, he saw two men under a tree, about ten yards from him. They were talking in a tongue he could not understand. "The prisoner's clothes and appearance," said this witness, "are much like those of the taller one of the two men, but I cannot swear he is the same." Here let us interpolate the fact that the roughly-cut cudgel found in the bed-room of the murdered woman, corresponded with the broken branch of a tree found in this thicket. Josiah Lock said he saw two men at Wegby walking towards Reigate, on the Sunday afternoon, about four. One was short and dark, the other taller and fairer. He saw them again at about seven in the evening on the next day, and it struck him that he had seen the same two men going in the opposite direction the day before. "I saw," said this witness, "the taller one, the next time, at the third examination at Reigate, and I knew him again by his features."

The third argument for the prisoner's guilt was, that there was found tied round a shirt left by him at his lodgings, a piece of hempen cord, of precisely the same kind and the same appearance as the pieces with which the limbs of the victim had been bound, and matching as precisely with the bulk from which the ball sold by Mrs. Blount to the two foreigners, in Reigate, had been severed. The cord, too, was of an unusual character. Apparently, of the kind commonly used for packing bales, it was in fact to be

matched only at its maker's. It was less hardly twisted than such cord commonly is; it had less gloss than usual, owing to stint of the size; and, moreover, it was unevenly spun, there having been an unusual number of the flaky stumps of the hemp, called "roots," left behind after the heckling. It would not have been difficult to find a ball of cord showing any one of these peculiarities singly; it would have been more difficult to procure one to match, so far as regarded any two of them only; but the prisoner's attorney failed entirely in the endeavour to procure ready-made, at other shops, cord which he could not readily distinguish from that sold by Mr. Blount. The string-maker could confidently swear to his own work, and he accounted for its peculiarity by explaining that the hemp he works up is mostly his own property, and not material entrusted to him for manufacture, and that he carries it through all the processes with his own hands. Hence he makes the most of his own hemp by leaving more of the roots behind in the heckling. Twisting it less tightly, was another act of thrift, because the tighter the twist, the shorter the length of cord got out of the same weight of material. They were small balls, into which the cord was to be made for Mr. Blount; and it was further explained that if the cord were twisted hard, and much polished with size, the string in small balls would slip and unwind, though in large balls it would hold together very well.

Against such accusing evidence as this, what could be said; when there was no evidence to prove that the prisoner was not at Wegby on the night of the murder? The verdict of Not Guilty, or, as the Scotch would rather have said, Not Proven, was founded upon coincidences not less curious than those which pointed to the guilt of the accused. We will take the three grounds of suspicion—more than suspicion—and see how there was doubt cast upon each.

First, to the argument derived from the documents found in the room, stood opposed the explanation—at first sight a mere clumsy invention—which the prisoner, when at the second hearing before the justices he owned to his real name, gave, to account both for his having assumed an alias and for his papers having been found where he could not himself have been, unless he were, at least, a party to the murder. While wandering about, destitute, in the streets of London, he accosted," he said, "a fellow-countryman, who led him into an eating-house to give him relief, and who there read to him the newspaper account of the inquest, and casually informed him that two Germans, of whom one bore the name of Karl Kranz, were charged with the murder. Thereupon he became much alarmed, and took another name. He added this account of himself: That, having landed at Hull, he travelled thence on foot to London, and, on the way, fell in with two fellow-countrymen, sailors, of whom one was named Adolf Mohn, and the other, a man of about the prisoner's own stature and complexion, William, named Gerstenberg. That, Gerstenberg had no papers, and was always so-

liciting Kranz to give him some: Kranz always refusing. That, one evening in May all three laid themselves down to sleep behind a lump of straw in the open fields, where Kranz, upon waking in the morning, found his two companions gone. They had carried off, also, his travelling-bag, containing a change of clothes made from the same pieces of cloth as the clothes worn by him, and also his papers, which he enumerated. His enumeration included one not found in the chamber at Wegby. It will be seen here, assuming the truth of the story, that Gerstenberg must have resembled Kranz sufficiently to think himself able to pass with Kranz's papers, and that he carried off a duplicate suit of Kranz's clothes, with which upon his back he would very closely resemble the man he had robbed. Kranz's statement was delivered on the eighth of July.

It could be proved that the prisoner had a pack when he landed in England, and he was known to be without one when apprehended. But then he was destitute, and might have turned into food all that was not on his back. Still, there *had been* the pack. The prisoner's attorney, also, procured information which, although inadmissible as evidence, really confirmed the prisoner's statement, so far as the travelling with the sailors went. Evidence was also given that he had spoken of the loss of his pack and papers before he was apprehended, though not before suspicion had attached to him. At the trial, however, a most remarkable discovery was made in court, which gave unexpected credibility to the whole story of the theft of the papers.

The prisoner's counsel had resolved simply to urge that two of the documents found tied together in the packet—namely the letter signed "Adolf Mohn" and that of the German opera-singer—were proved to have been delivered on the Friday next before the murder, to a person other than the prisoner, and not identifiable with the prisoner's assumed companion and accomplice at Wegby; also, that the addresses written on the slip of paper were not in the prisoner's handwriting. It was thence to be inferred, he would urge, that the older documents being tied up with those very lately procured by another person, the prisoner was not at that time the holder of his own papers. To this end it was purposed that the prisoner's attorney, who—having been his interpreter on the eighth of July, when he told his story to the justices—was to be called as a witness for the prosecution, should, in cross-examination, give evidence that the letter signed "Adolf Mohn," and the writing on the slip of paper, were not in the prisoner's hand. The question to the attorney whether he knew the prisoner's handwriting, came, however, unexpectedly from the prosecution. A manuscript book was shown to him, and he was asked, "Is that in the prisoner's handwriting?" Not knowing what fatal disclosure it might contain to the destruction of his client's case, the witness honestly answered "Yes;" and the book being then read was

found to be a journal kept by the prisoner from the time he left his home, recording his arrival at Hull, his travel through Leeds, Oldham, and Manchester, to Liverpool, his stay there while endeavouring to get a ship for America, his departure for London, and his passage through Warrington and some other places to Leek in Staffordshire, where the narrative abruptly ends. A railway guard's testimonial, one of the papers enumerated by the prisoner as stolen from him, and a certificate of his confirmation, were then also produced. These documents had actually been picked up by two tramps on a heap of straw in a roadside hovel on the borders of Northamptonshire, and had been brought by them to a magistrate on the 9th of July, the day after the prisoner had told his story: thus offering a most wonderful coincidence in justification of it.

Here was evident proof that some at least of the prisoner's documents had passed out of his possession. Even this would have been consistent with a loss of part and a retention of the remainder, had there been, as there was not, anything to suggest or countenance such an assumption. But the simpler—and therefore preferable—suggestion that all had been lost, was now most tenable. It was clear that Kranz's papers found in the room, were tied up along with those delivered three days before to another person. It was indeed contended that the youth to whom they were delivered was Kranz's supposed companion at Wegby and acknowledged companion in Whitechapel. No such person, however, was produced by the police for identification. So far as vague description went, the various accounts were not opposed to this view of the case, but the descriptions were all vague, and without decisive marks of identification. There was even one discrepancy. Evidence spoke of Kranz's companion as a youth on the verge of manhood, beardless, short, small featured, and with curly, very dark or black hair. But the description given by the musical artist, of the youth whose tale of distress obtained from her charity the letter found in the murdered woman's chamber, was a youth with light brown hair; and in this point she was confirmed by her mother and by others in the house. At about the same time a German youth, it should be added, also asked alms of Madame (Jenny Lind) Goldschmidt. He advanced the same pretext as was made to the other singer, and was, without doubt, the same person. He was seen by the coachman and by a female servant, who both alleged—in total ignorance of the statements made elsewhere—that he was fair with light brown hair.

When first arrested, the prisoner was interrogated by the police, then in possession of the whole facts: a prisoner in the gaol acting as interpreter. It was alleged that he then admitted having gone with his companion to Madame Goldschmidt. At the trial, however, it appeared that the question put was, "Did not you go with your companion to Madame Goldschmidt?" To which a simple affirmative answer

was returned: the prisoner declaring that he did accompany his comrade to some lady, whose name he never heard, and that when interrogated, as he concluded that the question supplied the name he did not know, he answered "Yes" accordingly. It appeared also by the evidence of the police that much more passed in German between the prisoner and the interpreter than was dictated by the police in English. The interpreter was an untrustworthy man, who happened to be then awaiting his trial for forgery, for which he was soon after condemned to ten years' penal servitude. But while there were these curious saving facts and coincidences to destroy the strong evidence of the documents found on the scene of the murder, there was direct identification of the prisoner by persons who saw the two Germans before and after the murder near the place where it was committed. How was that to be overcome? It had the following defects: The Reigate potman saw the men repeatedly for two days, his attention fixed itself upon them from their using a foreign tongue, his opportunities for becoming familiar with the prisoner's features must have been incomparably better than those of John Brown, the most positive of all the witnesses, who only sat for an hour with the two foreigners in the Reigate public-house. Yet the potman, when taken to Newgate to point out the prisoner from among others failed to recognise him, although he was there for two hours endeavouring to do so. It was not until the third examination, after others had more or less positively deposed that the prisoner was one of the two foreigners seen about Reigate, that he, leaning on the foregone testimony, comes forward and adds his own declaration that he too now knows the prisoner to have been one of the two men. Moreover, he states positively that the men remained in the taproom all Sunday afternoon, whereas Josiah Lock says that he saw them at four o'clock that afternoon four miles away. If the potman be right, Lock must be wrong.

The following evidence for the defence, had it not been thought better to rest content with a broken case for prosecution than to invite a hostile reply, would further have damaged the evidence as to identity. Mr. Hall says: "I have lived at Wegby as gardener for twenty-three years. On the Sunday evening about five o'clock I was talking with a neighbour in front of my house, not one hundred yards from the parsonage, when one of two men walking down the road came up and asked me where the Reverend Mr. Johnson lived, who resided somewhere between Kingston and Reigate, and brought his wife from Canterbury? I told him I knew of no such person; that our clergyman's name was Bright, and that his wife came from Brome. Thereupon he inquired if Mr. Bright were at home, and how many servants he kept. I again saw the two men, after about half an hour, about a mile nearer Reigate. I am sure that the prisoner is neither of those two men. He who spoke to me talked

broken English, and was short and dark; the other was taller and fairer, of about the same height and general appearance as the prisoner, but stouter and having more beard." Elizabeth Hall, his wife, was present. She looked attentively at the taller man while the short one was conversing with her husband. He stood in the middle of the road, with his face towards her. "I am sure," said she, "that the prisoner is not he. His height and dress are about the same, but the features are different. The man I saw, had more beard and was stouter." William Bolt says: "I was present and saw the two men before Hall's house, and afterwards when I was walking down the road with Hall. We were all three taken to Newgate to point out the man we had seen at Wegby, but neither was amongst the men led before us. The prisoner is certainly not one of them. Afterwards, when shown the prisoner alone in the cell at Reigate, I recognised him as one of the men led before me at Newgate, but I still failed to discern in him the features of either of the men I had seen at Wegby."

Hall's house is about a mile from where Lock saw the two men about an hour previously; and there can be little doubt that the two men seen by Lock and those seen by Mr. and Mrs. Hall and William Bolt, were the same.

A gentleman, driving out on the Monday afternoon, about three o'clock, saw two men whom he knew at once by their appearance to be Germans. They were walking along the high road from Cuckfield and towards Reigate and Wegby, at about five miles from the former and nine from the latter place. Two ladies with him confirm this, adding that one remarked to the other how strange it was to see Germans there.

A police-constable at Sutton deposed to having spoken to one of two men who conversed with each other in a foreign tongue, at two o'clock on the night of the murder. He saw by their agitation that something was wrong. The one farther from Peck, was much like the prisoner in appearance, but it was dark and he could not see the features. They said they had walked from Cuckfield, and were very tired.

Could there have been, by another strange coincidence, two separate pairs of foreigners in the same neighbourhood? One of the pair seen by Lock made the suspicious inquiries of Hall, travelled southward, and may have been the pair seen as they returned from Cuckfield by the gentleman and his party on the Monday afternoon—the same pair that bought the string and were seen in the thicket, where was cut the beechen cudgel found in the chamber—the pair that committed the murder and were seen afterwards by the police officer at Sutton. Another pair may have stayed at the Reigate inn on Sunday and Monday. If Franz were one of the latter, as one witness positively deposes, it was surely the strangest of all coincidences that his own purloined papers should have been so near him and that he, being innocent, should be so near the scene of a foul

murder just as they were about to yield against him evidence from which he had one of the narrowest of known escapes from the gallows.

But there was the string of peculiar make, partly bound round the body of the murdered woman, partly round the bundle belonging to the man accused of her murder: the string bought at Reigate by two Germans, one of them closely resembling him, if not himself, only a few hours before the murder. Here again there were coincidences of a most unexpected kind tending to weaken the force of the suspicion.

The prisoner accounted for the possession of the string, by saying that he picked it up on the pavement before a tobacco shop in Commerce-street, Whitechapel. Again, what could sound more like a trumped-up tale? But the spot he named, is not only within two minutes' walk of his own lodging, but is also close to the shop of the very string-maker who had made for Mr. Blount at Reigate that peculiar sort of cord! The prisoner's attorney, in surveying the spot, himself actually picked up, on the door-sill of a printing-office next door to the tobacconist's shop, a piece of string; and he saw, lying on the types, a ball of cord of the same stoutness as the cord in question. It is another striking and remarkable incident in this case that a circumstance affording such strong suspicion, should have been turned aside through the mere accident of the prisoner's having lodged so near to the very string-maker's shop. Though, if he were innocent, his having done so led immediately to his possession—by a coincidence almost miraculously adverse—of a piece of evidence connecting him with a murder that he did not commit, as strongly as he became connected with it by those papers of his that were at about the same time being left upon the scene of the murder's perpetration!

THE MINE SPIRIT.

THE lists were set, the tents were pitched,

The rosy country people clustered,

The flags flew forth, the herald's train

Around the great pavilion mustered;

When, from what region no one knew,

Rode in a stately stranger knight,

And, without word of courtesy,

Addressed him to the coming fight.

Like a fair image all of gold

He rode, careering round the lists,

As the rude warders checked the crowd

With truncheon strokes and blows of fists.

When the fierce trumpet had blown thrice

All people's eyes were eager turned

To where the radiance of the sun

A glory on his helmet burned.

His saddle-housing was half gold,

Gold spangled shone his ostrich feather,

Like a winged creature of the stars,

He shone, that radiant July weather.

Upon his breast a golden sun,

Upon his helm two silver stars,

With vizzor down the stranger rode,

The very prototype of Mars.

Without a bow to lord or dame,

Without one homage to the king,

Fierce, hot, and swift as running flame,
 Around the dark red trampled ring,
 With poising lance and shaking sword
 He spurred and churned the tilt-yard dust;
 His sword was of the spotless steel,
 His battle-axe was one of trust.

When the harsh trumpets blew together
 The knights met, rough as northern seas,
 With angry shouts, war-cries, and clamour,
 As of the blast that fells great trees,
 Swift through them, like a thunderbolt
 From storm-clouds riven, broke the knight;
 Unharm'd he rode, the stern crowned victor
 Of that jostling, clashing fight.

Five spears had broken on his breast,
 Yet he was heart-whole. Cold he laughed
 When axes snapped upon his helm,
 And maces shivered at the haft.
 He bore him on and waved his spear,
 Then made his charger leap and prance,
 Or caracole, with spring and bound,
 As he dashed onward with his lance.

The prize was his, he donned the crown,
 But never spoke nor kissed his hand,
 Nor deigned a look to where there lay
 Four knights loud groaning on the sand,
 And when the people gave a cheer,
 He flung them glittering showers of gold.
 Then, without homage, word, or smile,
 Rode sternly forth across the wold.

The proud king sent to call him back,
 But he rode on and never turned
 Until they touched his silver robe:
 Then his fierce eyes upon them turned.
 He drew his falchion whistling forth,
 And slew the first: "On him the blood!"
 He cried, and stately rode away,
 Through a dark vista of the wood.

"Out on the knave!" the monarch stormed,
 And leapt upon his snowy barb.
 "Who am I, slaves, and who is this
 That dares to spit upon my garb?"
 Crowned as he was, he led the chase,
 And all his train rode humble then;
 They overtook the stranger knight
 Beside a brook deep in the glen.

Wrathful he proved, and slew the king,
 And from his temples tore the crown;
 Then rode amongst the trembling train,
 Smiting the bravest of them down.
 Yet, when they struck, they struck the air,
 The knight was gone, nor left a sign;
 But from the rocks this echo came,
 "I AM THE SPIRIT OF THE MINE!"

ON BRIBES.

THE subjoined communication has been forwarded to us by an indignant gentleman. We publish it though wholly disagreeing with his views. Indeed, we can hardly conceive of anything less calculated to serve the cause which our correspondent advocates, than the publication of his sentiments.

TO THE EDITOR OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

SIR,—I calculate confidently on your generosity of spirit and love of justice to give insertion to some remarks which I am about to make, although those remarks are contrary in tone to

a certain article which appeared a week or two since in your ably-conducted periodical.

The article to which I allude was entitled "Don't," and the object aimed at by its author was the abolition of one of the most elegant, one of the most graceful, generous, and I may say soothing, institutions which adorn civilisation. In that article a blow was aimed at the whole system of gratuities. Sir, I have no hesitation in saying—and I am prepared to abide the consequences of my assertion—that the author of that article was a stingy and close-fisted person, that he was smarting under the thought of the near approach of Christmas-time, and desperately anxious to get out of the liabilities which he feels himself to be legitimately involved in, and which fall due on Boxing-day. Sir, I pity that gentleman's servants, I pity his "constant dustman," his "loyal scavengers." I pity the waits who serenade him, I pity his cabman, and I pity his young friends from school who visit him about Christmas-time, and who leave him empty and un-tipped.

Gratuities are the legitimate and rightful perquisite of a large class of meritorious and under-paid individuals. Do away with gratuities, why you might as well do away with those graceful and becoming little presents which generous and high-souled men make to those from whom they expect a service. A pretty thing that would be, and a nice barren wilderness this world would be without that system of—what shall I call it?—anticipative remuneration, which at present, thank goodness, obtains so largely.

I have said that gratuities are soothing (Sancho Panza says that presents break rocks), and I will add that anticipative remuneration is soothing also. How beautiful is the compactness with which the mutual services rendered to each other by the anticipative remunerator and the anticipative remuneratee, fit and dovetail into each other. Let us take one or two purely supposititious cases of anticipative remuneration, and examine them for a moment.

Suppose the case. I take the wildest instances on purpose, and have nothing to do with facts. Suppose the case of a government in want of votes for the carrying of a certain measure—the removal of the statues from Trafalgar-square, or what not—suppose that about the time that this measure is under discussion a ministerial lady has issued her invitations for a mighty dance. Suppose that the great Savourneen Deelish, M.P., is up in town in company with Mrs. Deelish and the six tall and raw-boned Miss Deelishes. Can anything be more natural than that the young ladies should desire to add their light fantastic toes to the number of those already engaged to sport in the presence of nobility? Can anything, in short, be more praiseworthy than that these young ladies should pine to be present at the ministerial ball? They *do* pine for that honour. They plague their unfortunate papa out of his life on the subject, and in lobbies, in clubs, and where not, Savourneen Deelish consults all his friends and brother members as to how the desired cards of invita-

tion are to be procured. Now suppose, just at this critical moment, that a smiling and Right Hon. Gent. encounters our M.P., and asks him if his young ladies are going to this same ball. Suppose that the Right Hon. Gent., on learning that the Miss Deelishes have not received invitation, expressed surprise, and says, "My dear Deelish, I think I can set that matter right for you;" and suppose, further, that just as the Right Honourable is parting with the grateful Savourneen, he says, in a light and pleasant manner, "By-the-by, Deelish, I suppose we have your vote in that Trafalgar-square affair?" Suppose all this, I say, will any one tell me that this is otherwise than a most delightful and creditable arrangement, and one that does equal honour to both parties concerned in it? Yet this is anticipative remuneration. It is possible that such things may have happened, and that the number of cards of invitation granted to the Deelish family correspond exactly with the number of votes which the great Savourneen is able to collect among his friends and fellow-representatives of the Emerald Isle.

And now, to go on with our imaginary cases, let us suppose again that of a great and eminent critic. How pleasingly are his arduous and painful duties relieved and lightened by the little attentions which he receives at the hands of those whose work he has the power to censure or praise. How pleasant it is to see such a man receiving his just dues. Suppose him in the society of some half-fledged literary genius, that poor bantling can only take short hopping flights along the hedge-rows of Parnassus, is it wonderful that he should seek to propitiate that terrible hawk of a critic who may pounce down upon him at any moment. Well, suppose that hawk likes to be soothed with flattery, suppose his nerves require it, is it not an excellent arrangement that our young poet should say all sorts of pleasant and flattering things, and put our critic in good humour with himself and with the unfledged one also? or suppose that our poet is a well-connected poet with a Titled Relative, and suppose that Mrs. Hawk is an ambitious lady who is possessed of one of those card-baskets in which the best-looking cards will ooze to the surface, is it not a good and salutary thing that the Titled Relative's card should find its way into Mrs. Hawk's card-basket, and that an agreeable notice of the works of the well-connected poet should find its way into the columns of Hawk's paper.

Or suppose that Hawk is an Art critic, and that he has condescended to pay a visit to the atelier of some illustrious, but as yet unknown, artist. How ominously silent he is, how dangerous he looks, what an awful personage. There is menace in his every word and gesture. Woe to the artist who treads upon that man's corn. Now, suppose as he looks round the studio that his eye lights upon a little study by an artist, prettily framed, and altogether an attractive and desirable little picture; suppose Hawk were to say, "Upon my word, my young friend, but that is a very charming 'bit,' a very

charming bit—I think I know a corner in Mrs. Hawk's boudoir that it would fit to perfection, and where it would show to great advantage, and in every way advance your reputation, my young friend." Is it not natural that the "young friend" should send that "bit" up to Mrs. Hawk without delay? Is not this natural and right, and just and equitable? It is just as it should be, and were I in Hawk's position and in want of a side-board, or a set of bed-curtains, I would seek out some rising upholsterer and would tell him that I was so struck with his side-boards and bed-furniture that I wished to write a laudatory description of them, but could not do so unless I had them in my own house to look at. And if that upholsterer ever ventured to send for them back again, I would straightway announce to the world in leaded type that of all the cracking, ill-put-together, ramshackle, outlandish side-boards, and of all the rotten and unseemly bed-furniture which could be got in London, those provided by that ungrateful upholsterer were the worst and the most fusty. One good turn deserves another, and so does a bad turn, or I am no logician.

I vow and declare that I think such arrangements as we have been considering are the most comfortable and snug things conceivable. Suppose—I am never tired of supposing—suppose that I am fond of smoking, and like especially to indulge in that soothing pastime when I am travelling by railway, what can I do better than offer a glass of brandy-and-water to the guard of the train by which I am travelling, just before starting? Here is another instance of the dovetailing together of mutual interests. The guard would like a glass of brandy-and-water, and I should like a cigar—well the guard gets his brandy and water and I get my cigar. As to talking about this being an infraction of rules, that is all nonsense. So it is to say that if many persons were to act upon this system it would be possible that the guard might get so many glasses of brandy-and-water as would render him liable to mistakes in connexion with signals and breaks which might lead to unpleasant results. Pooh!

Have we not the highest and best precedents for such little compacts as these which I advocate so strongly. Surely, it is a high and good thing to be a legislator in this great and noble country. When a gentleman wants to attain this position, does he not occasionally have recourse to the practice of anticipative remuneration? Say that there is a vacancy in the Borough of Ginsbury, what is the footing on which matters are placed at a very early state of the poll? A gentleman wants a seat in Parliament, the Ginsbury electors want three thousand pounds. The gentleman provides the three thousand pounds, and the Ginsbury electors provide the seat in Parliament. Who can say anything against this?

Sometimes such things are managed without a single word about money being spoken throughout the whole transaction. A cheerful and propitiatory candidate is seized just about

election time with a burning desire to go about among his tenantry. No society is so delightful to him as that of a small householder (and voter). As he enters the abode of the small householder his eye wanders among the outbuildings.

"Why, Plumper," he says, "that barn is in a terrible state—almost unfit for use?"

"Ah, sir," Plumper answers, "I've been representing that to your Hagent, any time for the last ten months."

"Never heard of it till this moment," says the propitiatory gentleman, and instantly he solemnly pledges himself to have the barn rebuilt forthwith. Now, is it not to be expected that in a little while the conversation should get on from the barn, to the corn which the barn contains, from the corn to the corn-laws, and so to politics generally? Is it not to be expected that the election should be brought on the tapis? Is a vote too much to give for a new barn?"

Or suppose that, towards the same election time, the propitiatory gentleman is represented by an agent, and that this agent is seized with the same love for the society of small householders which characterises his Principal. What accommodating arrangements that agent will be in a position to make! Plumper is, in this case, a very small householder indeed, and is behindhand with his rent. The agent reminds him of this fact, representing to him in glowing colours all the unpleasant results which might legitimately ensue from it. What a relief to Plumper to be told that the agent thinks he can set it all right for him, and that the landlord won't be hard upon him this time. It is a mere matter of fairness that the agent should remark as he leaves, "By-the-by, Plumper, you'll take care to be early at the poll on Wednesday." Delightful system; mutual services rendered; a bond of union established between man and man. Gratitude, one of the noblest of human emotions, called out, not, as in most cases, all on one side, but on both sides at once.

I am weary of giving instances, they occur in ordinary society every day. Your friend suffers you to exercise your hobby-horse before a company in order to buy your forbearance when he wants in turn to have a canter. He does not interrupt your account of your exploits on the moors, because he has got his exploit across country to deliver himself of, and which will need all your powers of endurance. Nay, sometimes the compact will go beyond such trivial matters, and a man will enter into a bargain to let alone your particular vice if you will extend a similar indulgence to his.

It is simply the fear that this humanising and ennobling interchange of mutual benevolence is likely to be attacked by the mean personage who has endeavoured in your columns to aim a blow at the gratuity system, it is this fear and this only which has betrayed me into this lengthy address. I trust you will pardon it. I trust any deficiencies in the closeness of my argument or in my style may be pardoned also, in consideration of my inexperience in literary

composition, an art which nothing short of the importance of my subject would ever have induced me to meddle with.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
A HOUSEHOLDER OF GINSBURY.

*** We have put this communication into the hands of our contributor, the author of "Don't," and, strange to say, he is so little convinced by it, that he not only adheres to all that he originally put forward on the abolition of gratuities, but adds that he wishes with all his heart that those "Interchanges of Mutual Benevolence," of which our correspondent speaks so freely, should be got rid of as well.

SKATING SPIDERS.

SPINNER, spinster, and spider, signify the spinning-man, woman, and animal. Is *er* the German masculine pronoun for he, the source of the English termination *er*? do the letters *st* hint or indicate the feminine pronoun *sie* or *she*? and does *d* stand for *t* or the neuter *it*? Whatever the answers of the students of words may be to these queries, it is certain that spanning, spitting, and spinning, all express the notion of stretching out, or spouting forth, or darting forth. The spinning animals have one great advantage over the spinning men, never being forced to work half-time by a scanty supply of raw material for their webs. The spinners may be compelled to make their cries heard to the ends of the earth for the reddish-yellow or snow-white hairs which they weave into their nankeen or calico fabrics; but the spiders, self-contained and self-supporting, carrying their supplies within themselves, are independent alike of America, Africa and Asia. As for the spinster, she is an extinct species. If she exists at all in modern society, it is only as a legal or ecclesiastical fiction, in marriage licences, and yet of old she was the model woman. The Hebrew poet, lover and king, Solomon has sung how effectually she handled the spindle and distaff; and in much more recent times, a British bard of the fifteenth century, Gavin Douglas, says in his Palace of Honour, describing the costume of one of his heroes:

And eke his coit of golden thredis bricht
Quhilk his moder him span.

But the spiders are neither distressed, nor changed, nor extinct, spinning as they did thousands of years before it was remarked that the lilies of the field, without toiling or spinning, were more gorgeously arrayed than Solomon was when clad in the finest fabrics of his spinsters. When the spinster, worth more than rubies, has vanished away into a verbal fossil, the spider is more than ever instructing the few men of science who study him. I have just been reading the first part of a folio work on British and Irish spiders, by Mr. Blackwell, with a dozen plates, containing coloured illustrations of more than a hundred species, and I venture to say that all spiders are wonderful, and that many are beautiful. I forget what the

disease is for which a spider in a glass of wine has been prescribed as a remedy, and would not recommend this dose in any circumstances; but from personal experience I can recommend a course of spiders as a cure for despondency, the effect of over-work and worry. When men delight not, nor women neither, spiders can lure the misanthropical or misogynical soul out of himself, and nerve him to fight on without desertion the battle of his life, in spite of defeat, disappointment, deceit, discouragement, disease, despair, and all other disms. I can well believe that spiders have proved themselves to be excellent prison visitors, although these octopod philanthropists made their visits to cells and dungeons in the pursuit of flies and not of fame. Useful lessons and valuable inventions have been derived from animals; and spiders are undoubtedly models of perseverance. The ant, it is true, does not store up grains for the winter, sleeping instead of eating during the cold season, but spiders do undoubtedly persevere in combating difficulties, and one of them may well have set the example which encouraged Robert the Bruce to try again and again for victory after many defeats. Indeed, perseverance, if a human virtue, is in most animals an instinct, as if they had been created to persevere:

In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail!

Spiders have not been studied so much as many other less curious and interesting groups of animals. An Englishman—Dr. Martin Lister—laid the foundation of the science of them in his *Tractatus de Araneis*, published in 1678, but his countrymen have not pursued the path which he opened. He laid the foundation of the first classification of species founded upon external organisation and economy, which has been built upon by all subsequent classifiers of spiders; but until within the last thirty years, his successors have not been his own countrymen. "Genius," says M. Flourens, in a book just out, "is a supreme degree of the power of thinking correctly and laying hold of truth, and the man of genius is the man who opens up the roads which lead to truth." Such a man was Martin Lister. His most distinguished followers have been Swedes, Frenchmen, and Germans, Leuvenhock and Treviranus, Walckenaer and Koch, and I might mention many others. Mr. Blackwell's work, the first part of which has just been published by the Ray Society, is the first attempt ever made to supply zoology with an account of the spiders indigenous to the British islands. For the recent additions to our knowledge of them we are indebted to no men more than to Dr. Leach and Mr. Blackwell.

Spiders are less easily caught than might be supposed, and when caught they are not nearly so easily preserved as butterflies and beetles. Hence there is only one known spider-hunter for every hundred of known moth-hunters. Scalewings and shieldwings (Lepidoptera and Coleoptera), if less easily caught, can be arranged

and kept more easily and beautifully than spiders. Butterflies, or butterflies, as they ought to be called—for the word describes the beating of their wings in flying—are pursued at present by at least fifteen hundred known and zealous collectors, and the chase of them is every season rewarded unceasingly by the discovery of new species. Books to help collectors abound, and a penny journal is published every week proclaiming the success of the hunters, whilst a yearly manual makes them known to each other. Instructions have been published in many different forms how to collect, rear, kill, pin, set, and arrange Lepidoptera; and there is no lack of suggestions where to look for, how to collect, and how to prepare Coleoptera; but no helps of the kind exist in regard to the Arachnida. Arachne is the Greek word for a spider, and although the terms entomology and entomologist are familiar to him, the general reader has rarely seen the words arachnology and arachnologist. There are far more beetle than there are spider hunters, although no one will pretend that the shieldwings are so curious and interesting as the spiders, to say nothing on the question of beauty. The truth is, that the Arachnida are neglected, like the Diptera and the Aptera, because the study of them is more difficult than the study of the Lepidoptera and Coleoptera. Yet it would do many minds, now pinned down through the thorax into boxes of butterflies and beetles much good, were they to free themselves from their confinement and roam in search of less known and more wonderful forms of life.

For prizes await them. There are many new species to be discovered, and there are not a few problems and enigmas claimant for solution. Spider-hunters may reasonably hope to discover many rare and new species. "Although," says Mr. Blackwell, "a large addition has recently been made to our knowledge of the Arachnida, yet this subject is far from being exhausted, and a wide field still remains to be explored by succeeding arachnologists." The insect-hunters are sufficiently numerous to supply six hundred subscribers to their penny weekly newspaper—the *Entomologist's Intelligencer*—and an army of zealous collectors have been hunting for many years, day and night, running with their nets in the fields, and sugaring the trees in the woods, yet new species are, it is said, caught and recorded every month. Spiders having been a hundred-fold less pursued than shieldwings and scalewings, are therefore proportionally likely to furnish a hundred-fold more prizes.

The accidental capture last September of a specimen of *Argyroneta aquatica* has for the present interested me most in the skater and water spiders. With these, then, I shall begin my arachnological studies.

Close observers of the surfaces of stagnant or slow-flowing waters must have noticed tiny red points skimming about upon them in all directions very swiftly and deftly. These are water-ticks (*Hydrachna*). If you examine them with a lens you will see that they have eight legs. They do not swim or run, they skate. The

books on comparative anatomy say nothing particular has been seen upon their feet except numerous hairs on one of the sides of these organs. The eyes of these skating spiders are arranged two and two in pairs so closely together that each pair seems only one; but the pairs are comparatively wide apart. M. Dugés says of the adult *Hydrachna cruenta*, that prior to casting its skin, it makes a hole for itself with its mouth in the leaves of aquatic plants; and M. Siebold, having seen it fix itself by the mouth to the slippery sides of bottles with a sort of cement, declares that several kinds of water-ticks, glue themselves to fresh-water algæ whilst waiting in this position for their moulting.

These skating-ticks, in their growth from the egg to the spider, undergo metamorphoses: and thereby hangs a tale. There abound, in ponds and rivers, beetles with hind-legs like tiny feathery oars, called *Hydrophilidæ*, and *Dytiscidæ*, and other Greek names, describing them as fond of marshes, water, diving, swimming, capsizeing, swirling, or, in fact, all sorts of aquatic antics. Their forms vary from long oval to almost globular. The *Hydrophilidæ*, having their fore and hind legs both capable of oaring them, swim by using one leg after the other, and in their perfect form at least are herbivorous, whilst the carnivorous *Dytiscidæ* swim swiftly with both legs at once to seize the animals they devour. De Greer fed *Cybister ræselii* with flies and spiders, and had seen one of them eat a leech. They have even attacked small fishes. After sunset, and during the night, these beetles sometimes migrate from one pond to another, some crawling, but most of them flying with a noise like that made by the may-bug. Like fish, they have within them little bladders, which they can fill with air to raise themselves from the bottom to the surface of the water. There are, it is said, four hundred known species of them. The *Hydrophilidæ* and *Dytiscidæ* both have dull colours, black or dark brown, with occasionally bronze-like hues of grey or green. Many species can imprison air with their feelers and hairs (antennæ and cilia), and carry it beneath the water with them. When the marshes dry many of them plunge into the mud, or bury themselves beneath stones, waiting for wet weather. And they can endure drought a long time. M. Mulsant, forgetting to renew the water of a bottle in which he kept a *Hydrophilus caraboides* for three months, found it half-buried in mud which had become quite dry, and saw it, an instant after being supplied with water, become as lively and active as before.

I may seem to have been forgetting the red skaters upon the surface of the streams all this time. But I have not, for wherever the *Hydrophilidæ* and *Dytiscidæ* go the *Hydrachna* go with them; the larvae of these metamorphosing spiders living parasitically upon the beetles. These larvae have a beak so long and large that it might easily be mistaken for a head separated from the trunk. With their beaks they pierce the body of diffe-

rent kinds of insects, until their gorged bodies become as monstrously disproportioned as their beaks were, when they issued as embryos from their eggs. They have six feet. For many years they were classified by the savans as a genus of themselves, the *Achlysia*. The red *Achlysia*, with formidable beaks and monstrous abdomens, were found upon the backs of *Dytiscus* and *Hydrophilus*, and erected into a genus, until an observer saw one moult and become an eight-legged spider, the well known red-skater of the quiet pools.

But what are his skates? The microscope shows nothing but tiny hairs upon his feet. No naturalist I wot of has answered, or for that matter asked, this question, and I am therefore left to my own conjectures. The surface globules of a pool, being most heated, rarified, and expanded by the sun's rays, must be the lightest and largest, and the layers or strata of globules just below the surface film must consist of smaller, heavier, and colder globules. Here, then, is my guess. The red-skater-ticks, I fancy, entangle a sufficient number of the relatively large and light globules in their feet-bristles to bear their weight, and then borne on aerial skates, scud, dart, and whirl about at will. The black half-wings (*Hydrometra*) probably run upon the waters in a similar way. The *Hydrachna cruenta*, or blood-spider, if most striking when seen upon the pools, is not so beautiful under inspection as the map-water-tick, a globular spider (*Hydrachna geographicalis*), whose markings are map-like, and whose colour is polished black with red spots.

The wolf-pirate and the wolf-fisher (*Lycosa piratica* and *Lycosa piscatoria*), are also skaters. Having merely translated them, I am innocent, I may remark by the way, of giving the spiders these shocking names, and half suspect the savans who invented them hoped when they did it that the spider-wolves would never resent them, being ignorant of the dead languages. Among the fox or crafty spiders (*Dolomedes*) occur the crafty fringes (*D. frimbriatus*)—spiders which find the fens of Cambridgeshire very much to their liking. No naturalist seems to have observed the feet (tarsi) of the semi-aquatic insects and *Aranæda*, to ascertain if there is any peculiarity of formation common to all the skaters which enables them to perform their feats. "Several of the semi-aquatic species," says Mr. Blackwell, "belonging to the genera *Lycosa* and *Dolomedes* run fearlessly on the surface of water, and even descend spontaneously beneath it, the time during which they can respire when immersed depending upon the supply of air confined by the circumambient liquid among the hairs with which they are clothed."

Readers into whose hands books like Blackwell's History of the Spiders of Great Britain and Ireland rarely fall, may feel curious to see a specimen of the sort of description of a spider which the present state of scientific opinion approves and requires; and I feel tempted to extract his description of the wolf-pirate to

please them, but I should be obliged to accompany it with a glossary, or translation, and therefore prefer trying their patience with the translation only. Moreover, I must spare them the list of synonyms and references. The reader who dislikes minute descriptions may be grateful for it when comparing specimens on the banks of a pond.

Lycosa piratica: Length of the female, seven-twentieths of an inch; length of head-chest, three-twentieths; breadth, one-ninth; breadth of the body, one-eighth; length of a hind leg, one-half; length of a leg of the third pair seven-twentieths.

The intervening eyes of the fore row are larger than the side ones. The head-chest is glossy, of a yellowish-brown colour, with a broad brown band lengthwise on each side, and a small cleft one of the same hue in the middle, which ends at the hind indentation; the side margins being furnished with hairs of brilliant whiteness. The pincers, or fangs, are strong, conical, armed with teeth on the inner surface, and, with the lower jaws, are of a red-brown colour, the latter being the paler. The lip is of a dark-brown hue in the middle, and has a reddish-brown tint at the sides and at the end. The breast is heart-shaped, and of a yellowish-brown colour. The legs are provided with hairs and spines, and are of a greenish-brown hue, with the exception of the feet, or claws, which have a reddish-brown tint; the thighs are the palest, sometimes presenting an appearance of rings. The feelers have a greenish-brown colour, the toe-joint excepted, which has a reddish-brown hue. The body is hairy, convex above, projecting over the base of the head-chest; the colour of the upper part is brown, with a yellowish-brown band in the middle of the fore part, extending more than a third of its length; the side margins of this band are bordered by white lines, which pass beyond its extremity, and meet in a point; on each side of the hind part there is a series of brilliantly white spots, both of which converge towards the spinners; the sides are thickly mottled with white; and the underpart has a pale-brown hue; the reproductive organs are of a dark reddish-brown colour; and that of the gill-lids is yellow.

The sexes are similar in colour, but the male, which is the smaller, has the forearm-joint of the feelers longer than the elbow-joint, and slightly curved downwards; the toe-joint has a reddish-brown hue, and is oval, bombed, and hairy outside, scooped within, comprising the feelers, which are moderately developed, very complicated in structure, and of a dark reddish-brown colour.

Lycosa piratica frequents marshes and the margins of pools; it runs rapidly upon the surface of water even when encumbered with its cocoon, and frequently takes refuge from danger beneath the surface of that liquid, concealing itself among the leaves of aquatic plants, the air, confined by the circumambient water among the hairs with which it is clothed, enabling it

to remain immersed for a considerable period of time.

In June, the female deposits from eighty to one hundred eggs in a globular cocoon of compact white silk encircled by a narrow zone of a slighter texture, which measures about one-fifth of an inch across.

Such is Mr. Blackwell's description of this spinning, skating pirate of the pools. As a treat for those who like them, I string together a few of the words I have translated: "Cephalothorax, bifid, falces, sternum, tarsi, annuli, palpi, digital, and bronchial opercula," &c. When completed, his work will contain two or three hundred folio pages of these minute descriptions.

The silver spider (*Argyroneta aquatica*) is pre-eminently the water spider. The skating spiders, and scorpions (*Lycosa* and *Dolomedes*, *Hydrachna* and *Nepa*), red-ticks, and ash-halfwings, ought to be distinguished from their congeners which actually live in the water, for their organisation is very different. The spiders living in the earth differ from those on it, and the spiders living on the water from those in it.

The water spiders proper are the least known of all spiders, not merely to the outer world of readers, but to the inner world of observers. Certain small spiders, such as *Erigone atra* and *Lavignia frontata*, living like the Dutch, many of the French, and not a few of the British nations, in cold winter lodgings (hybernacula) which are liable to be inundated, can support life for many days in the water. They do not prefer it voluntarily, and are not built to live on it, or breathe in it, like their congeners who skim over its surface or dive into its depths. They have nothing of the organisation of the spiders who are born and bred in the water. But as there are fish who can survive being left high and dry for hours in the crevices of the rocks, or which have been constructed for ponds becoming periodically dry, and as there are crabs living perpetually in wet holes which yet are fitted for climbing trees in search of the nuts upon which they feed, there are spiders insured against floods by the peculiarities of their structure. The proper water spiders can hold, in the hair of their bodies, a coating of air to supply their breathing holes whilst they are under the water, but the flood spiders have no such faculty, and what they have instead is one of the secrets of this form of life. The fishes and crustaceans which can live a long time out of the water have been found to be provided with sponge-like apparatus adapted for keeping their gills moist while exposed to evaporation.

Mr. Blackwell verified the power of *Erigone atra* to remain alive under water by decisive experiments. On trying to drown this small spider with a view to measuring it, he was astonished to find it, after two days immersion, as lively and vigorous as ever. This occurrence induced him to submerge a number of specimens of both sexes in a glass vessel with perpendicular sides, on the 21st of October, 1832, and keep them submerged until the 22nd of Novem-

ber, a period of seven hundred and sixty-eight hours, when he found them with their vital energies unsuspended. Some individuals of other species, after six, fourteen, or twenty-eight days, he has found exercising their functions and spinning their lines, as if they were in the air. Many individuals of other species, however, have not survived even for a single hour. But certain species of spiders, undoubtedly, can live a long time under water without being adapted for it by any known peculiarities of organisation. How this is done, and whether or no by a power of extracting respirable air from water is one of the many puzzles which still challenge the ingenuity and inquisitions of naturalists.

The observer of the pools, while noticing how the skaters scud along by successive pushes of the legs with long beaks or long tongues to seize their prey, will sometimes be startled by a flash of polished silver just under the surface of the water. Of course he fancies it is the silver spider. But it is far more likely to be the boat fly, the back-swimmer (*Notonecta*). This half-wing (*Hemiptera*) has, like the water spider, the faculty of covering his body with a silvery plating of air. Lying upon his back, he breathes at the extremity of his abdomen, which is surrounded by a circular palisade of bristles resting upon the surface of the water; and, watching in the stream beneath him and air above him, he is ready to dart in any direction to escape an enemy or seize a victim, with a few strokes of his oars. *Notonecta* and *Argyroneta* are two of a trade, although they differ widely in their organisation.

The eyes of the silver spider are disposed crosswise on the fore part of the head-chest, in two rows, the intervening ones of the fore row placed on a small prominence being smallest, forming with those of the hind row an unequal four-sided figure (trapezoid), whose shortest side is in front; each side-pair being set obliquely on a tubercle. The lower jaw is powerful, rounded at the end, and inclined towards the lip. The lip is long, triangular, dilated at the base, and rounded at the apex. Legs robust; the first pair is the longest, then the fourth, the third pair being the shortest.

Length of the female, nine-twentieths of an inch; length of the head-chest, one-fifth; breadth, three-twentieths; breadth of the abdomen, one-fifth; length of a fore-leg, three-fifths; length of a leg of the third pair, nine-twentieths.

Each side pair of eyes is set obliquely on a tubercle, but are not near. The head-chest is glossy, compressed before, bombed at the fore part, somewhat depressed on the sides, which are marked with furrows converging towards the middle, and slightly hairy: the pincers or fangs are powerful, conical, vertical, divergent at the extremity, and armed with three teeth on the fore, and two on the hind side of the space which receives the fang when in a state of repose; the lower jaws are strong and slightly inclined towards the lip, which is triangular, and rounded at the top; the breast is heart-shaped and

densely covered with long hair; the legs are amply supplied with hairs, those on the third and fourth pairs being the longest and most abundant; each foot is terminated by three claws; the two superior ones are curved and deeply coombed (pectenated), and the inferior one is bent near its base; the feelers are slender and have a curved pectenated claw at their extremity. These parts are of a dark-brown colour, faintly tinged with red; the fangs, lower jaw, lip, and breast, being the darkest. The body is egg-shaped, broader at the fore than at the hind end, bombed above, projecting over the base of the head-chest; it is densely covered with hairs, those on the under part being much the longest and is of an olive-brown colour: four minute circular depressions of a darker hue situated on the upper part describe a quadrilateral figure whose foremost side is the shortest.

The sexes resemble each other, but the male is decidedly the larger. *Argyroneta aquatica* lives most of its life in the water. Looking like an egg of living silver, it darts and flashes about from the bottom to the surface, and from the surface to the bottom in pursuit of its prey. "It constructs beneath the surface of the water," says Mr. Blackwell, "a dome-shaped cell, in which is placed its cocoon of white silk, of a compact texture and lenticular form [a lens-like or doubly-bombed form] containing from eighty to a hundred spherical eggs, of a yellow colour, not agglutinated together. This cell is supported in a vertical position, the open part being directed downwards, by lines of silk connecting it with aquatic plants, and as it comprises a considerable quantity of atmospheric air, the spider can at all times occupy it without experiencing the least inconvenience. In swimming and diving *Argyroneta aquatica* assumes an inverted position, and is more or less enveloped in air confined by the circumambient water among the hairs with which it is clothed, the supply being always more abundant on the under than on the upper part, in consequence of the greater length and density of the hairs distributed over its surface.

This species is found in pools and ditches in various parts of England. It is of frequent occurrence in the fens of Cambridgeshire, from which locality a pair was transported to Crumpsall Hall, near Manchester, in the summer of 1833. Each individual was enclosed in a small tin box, and neither of them appeared to suffer materially from the confinement. After a lapse of ten days, during which period they were without water, they speedily formed a dome-shaped cell beneath the surface attaching it to the side of the glass, by means of numerous silken lines, and being well supplied with insects, it lived in this state of captivity till the commencement of winter, when, on the temperature of the room in which it was kept becoming much more reduced, it entered the cell, and remained there in a state of torpidity, with its head downwards. A gentleman on a visit at the house, whose curiosity to examine the spider minutely in its hybernaculum was greater than his prudence,

inclined the glass so much that the air escaped from the cell, the water flowed in, and before information of the circumstance was given the dormant inmate had perished. This catastrophe admits of an easy explanation: for the torpid spider could not make another cell, and was therefore found drowned.

I recently obtained and kept a water spider, and my observations may help to complete those recorded by Mr. Blackwell. One beautiful morning last September, exploring the river banks above Lewes, in Sussex, with a party of naturalists, I detected an *Argyroneta* in a bottleful of fresh-water plants belonging to one of my comrades. This silvery spider one of us kept for several weeks in a small bottle, and it also soon formed a cell for itself, but one somewhat different from the dome-shaped bell of the books. Just under the surface of the water it formed an oblong egg-shaped bubble of air about six-eighths of an inch long and five-eighths broad. The wall of the air-bubble was not formed of silk from the spinners but of a saliva or secretion from the mouth. This fact I observed particularly, and several pairs of younger eyes than mine confirmed my observations. When going out of this bubble the spider was very careful to open a passage, not beneath, but at the side, in the wall, without allowing the air to escape, and it was equally cautious in entering—issuing and entering slowly, so as to give the wall time to close up the hole which it did by contracting upon it. This observation of mine, I submit, seems to show that the water spider has a faculty never suspected before of forming an air-bubble in the water. This air bubble is not temporary, but fixed and permanent, and is a home. The bubble-home is not blown, it is made, the secretion forming the wall, and the spider carrying successive supplies of gas from the surface down into it. Does the silver spider make two different dwellings—one a cup-like-web, woven by the spinners, and used as a hatching-nest or nursery, and the other an egg-shaped bubble, the wall of which is secreted by the mouth, which is used as a hunting-lodge, or pirate's retreat?

Notonecta and *Argyroneta* and other insects and spiders can silver-plate themselves with air, as I have repeatedly said, by fastening globules of it to the hairs of their bodies, and, long as this fact has been noticed, no satisfactory explanation of it has yet been given, if the task has ever been attempted. The light passing through the water is reflected by the air-globules, and hence, probably, the brilliance. But the facts are well worthy of investigation and explanation. Everybody has noticed the effect of water in deepening the colour of hair; a chevelure which from the mixture of white is grey when dry, looking brown when wet. Observers have recorded their admiration of the changes in the appearance of the water-lily and lotus when sprinkled or immersed. Water rolls off the upper surface of the leaf of the lily, and when the leaf is pressed down, the water perforates it through the stomata. If the leaf is

held under the water at an angle of forty-five degrees, the dark purple leaf of the red lily seems to become of a pinkish hue, the dark or bluish-green leaf of the white, pink, and blue lilies, becomes emerald green—the intensity of the hues varying with the angle at which the immersed leaf is seen. Under the water the lotus-leaf reflects light like a mirror of polished metal. When water is thrown upon the surface of a floating leaf it flows off like a pool of quicksilver, reflecting light from the whole of its lower surface. This fact has furnished a comparison to a Maharratta poet; for singing of the virtuous man he says:

He is not enslaved by any lust whatever;
By the stain of passion he is not soiled—
As in the water, yet unwet by the water,
Is the lotus-leaf.

"On examining carefully into the cause of this," says Dr. George Buist, of Bombay, "I found the lotus-leaf covered with short microscopic papillæ which entangle the air and establish an air plate over the whole surface, with which, in reality, the water never comes in contact at all." A little floating water-plant, abounding in the shallow tanks of Bombay, called *Pestia*, and resembling common endive, when pushed under the water looks like a tiny mass of burnished silver. This repelling power of leaves is said to be the cause of the pearl-lustre of dew.

When diving-birds dash into the water, this silvery lustre gleams upon their backs and wings. Dr. Buist does not think this is owing to the presence of oil or grease, but to an air-plate repelling the water and preventing it from coming into contact with the feathers. Is the preening, that operation which is so carefully performed by water-fowl, a process of preparing the fibres of the feathers for entangling air? The reflexion is the proof of non-contact. This is the water-proof process of nature, which, instead of obstructing respiration, like the water-proof contrivances of man, promotes it. Thus this faculty, it appears, of entangling air is common to the hair of certain plants and animals, producing lovely apparitions in the water of silvery insects, spiders, leaves, and birds. What is it which gives this power to hairs and feathers? Have the hairs an electrical attraction for globules of oxygen gas?

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

TRAVELLERS' Tales have always been notorious for their lies. And no wonder. For ever since Pliny—the Illustrious Pliny he is generally called—catalogued the most monstrous fables he could get hold of, and set them down as actualities, living, proved, and true, every early traveller seemed to think it his duty to confirm all that the Illustrious had declared to be sound science and the best wisdom, and in many instances clinched his confirmation of the wildest impossibilities by these words: "These eyes did see." No one liked to be outdone, or to con-

less that he had not seen as much as his neighbours, so all bid against each other for the most tremendous and well-conditioned falsehoods their brains could devise; and for centuries and centuries men believed in anthropophagi with heads growing beneath their shoulders, and folks with but one eye in the middle of their foreheads, and in unicorns and basilisks and all the rest of the fabulous beasts which made every step of foreign travel an heroic adventure; and there was no one found sceptical or bold enough to deny them.

Travellers also, on the other hand, seemed to lie when they told the truth. Many of Pliny's stories, long disbelieved, have turned out to be not inconsistent with truth when the light of modern observation and modern science has been cast upon them. Herodotus lay for ages under the ban of enormous lying; but later travellers have testified in one or two instances to the truth of stories which the father of history reported often from hearsay. Two modern instances we may quote, Bruce and Du Chaillu. Bruce's tales were, for a time, as utterly disbelieved as the rodomontades of Baron Munchausen; but later authors have restored his memory to credibility. As for Du Chaillu, his testimony on several minor points still hangs in suspense.

There is a sound rule laid down by a writer on the Theory of Probabilities, with regard to what travellers' stories may be believed, and which of them disbelieved. If, in this dictum, a man of good character and known credibility returns from a country to which no one else had ever penetrated, and tells such stories as we have enumerated above, we ought not hastily to contradict him; because, inasmuch as it is not repugnant to the laws of organised nature, that animals in human form may exist whose heads do grow in an unusual part of the body, or that they have only one central eye to see with, he ought not to be condemned until we can get the evidence of more and better witnesses to the contrary; in other words, until other travellers have brought back more likely stories from the same regions. Though we may doubt to the fullest extent, we ought not, in the absence of all actual proof, to brand the forehead of the former traveller with the ugly little word of four letters. But if that explorer returns with the story that he has discovered a nation amongst whom two and two make five, we know him at once for a liar, and treat him as such without any discussion whatever.

In obedience to the first part of this rule, therefore, do not let us be too hard on our ancestors (who had, let us say, fine, broad, poetical imaginations) for putting faith in such books as that of Dr. John Bulwer, with the neat little title of *Anthropometamorphosis*; or, *The Artificial Changeling*; and in other works, that described with the most painful minuteness and perfect belief monsters, human and inhuman, and natural phenomena of the most wildly improbable, though not physically impossible kind. The witnesses that came to them from the nether ends of the earth were too few to enable them to play one off against another, to enable them

to sum up the evidence concerning the most incredible travellers' tales, and to say that their stories are false.

There was Sir John Mandevile—or, to give him his proper title and superscription, "John Maundevile Knyght of Ingelond, that was y bore in the toun of Seynt Albons, and travelide aboute in the wordle in manye diverse contreis to se mervailles and customes of countreis and diversiteis of folkys, and diverse shap of men, and of beistis, and all the mervail that he say he wrot and tellith in this book,"—it would be hard to find a larger collection of "that which is not" packed up in a smaller compass than what the worthy and honourable knight wrote as his own experiences. Certainly he has sometimes the grace to fence round his assertions with a small wire netting, such as "Thei seyn (say), or, men seyn, but I have not sene it;" but for the most part the reader is required to open wide the mouth of faith, and shut close the eyes of reason, and swallow, without wry faces, whatever the knightly traveller presents as good and wholesome intellectual food. Sometimes the dish is filled with the fact that the monks of the Isle of Cypress, laying claim to one half of the True Cross, possess only that on which the good thief Dysmas was hanged; or that the True Cross was made of the tree whereof Adam eat the apple, and which we moderns call cypress; or that a plate of gold was found in the earth beneath the church of Saint Sophia, which plate of gold bore a confession of the Christian faith written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin letters, long before the advent of the Christian era. Or it is the daughter of "Ypocras," who, in form and likeness of a dragon a hundred fathoms long, yet lives in an old castle in a cave, and shows herself twice or thrice in the year, waiting for the knight—hardier than the Knight of Rhodes—who shall kiss her on the mouth, and so restore her to her woman's shape again; or it is the marvellous gravel which turns all manner of metal into glass, yet which, when itself made into glass, is resolved into gravel again if reheated; or the deadly monster, like a man-goat horned, who talked to a holy hermit reasonably, and whose head, with its two horns, was sent to Alexandria for the much marvelling of all beholders; or the Phoenix who, at the end of every five hundred years, comes to burn himself upon the altar of the Temple of the Sun in the city of the Sun, becoming, the first day after that voluntary cremation, a worm, on the second a bird "quick" and perfect, and on the third flying away to its own native land, a miracle like as there is none other; or the apples of Paradise, which, cut them into as many pieces or "gobbets" as you will, yet ever show the sign of the Holy Cross in the midst of each; or Adam's apple with the teeth marks in the side; or the balm-trees which must be cut with flint or bone by Christian men, for if cut with iron all the strength and manhood of the pruner will be taken from him, and if by the "Sarazines" all the virtue and flavour of the tree will be lost; or the serpents of Sicily which obligingly settle all registration

mistakes of a certain kind, for, if the children presented to them are the children of the lawful owners they "gon aboute hem, and don hem non harme," but if they are of false, of un-avowed parentage, "the Serpentes byten hem and envenyme hem." Which Sir John Mandevile says was a convenient way for suspicious men to prove "zif the children ben here owne."

These are marvels enough surely, which the travelled knight calls on us to believe; but more remain behind. There was the church of Saint Catherine, to which once every year assembled large flocks of crows, choughs, and other fowls of the country, bringing olive-branches in their beaks, whereby the monks had ever full store of oil without the pain of seeking; and the withered tree of the desert, which turned bare and leafless when the Tragedy of Calvary was done, but which is to burst out into glad bloom and verdure as soon as a Prince from the West shall win the Land of Promise by the help of Christian men. And the table of black wood whereon was painted an image of Our Lady that once used to turn into flesh on certain occasions, but whence now drips only oil, which, if kept above a year, becomes good flesh and blood. And the "Castle of the Sparrowhawk," with the bright Lady of Faëry that keepeth it, which sparrowhawk, if any man shall wake, then watch for seven days and seven nights alone and sleepless, to him shall the Lady give the first wish that he may wish of earthly things: "and that hath been proved often tymes," says Sir John, giving as evidence the histories of two successful watchers, one of whom wished an unholy thing and was ruined, but the other desired the moderate bliss of thriving in merchandise, and became so rich that he knew not the hundredth part of that he had. A third, a Knight of the Temple, wished a purse of gold never failing, which the Lady granted, but telling him at the same time that he had wished the destruction of his order, "for the trust and the affiance of that Purs, and for the grete Pryde that thei scholde haven." Then we have the very doubtful story of male and female diamonds marrying and bearing children like living and sensible creatures; which children increase and grow year by year as Sir John has proved for himself. "I have often tymes assayed that zif a man kepe hem with a litylle of the Roche, and wete hem with May Dew ofte sithes, they schulle growe everyche Zeer: and the smale wole wexen grete:" followed by a list of the virtues of the diamond, not one word of which contains the very smallest per-centage of truth or likelihood.

Sir John believes in the Amazons with their self-mutilation, and hatred of men and lawful marriage (was that Amazonian fable a satire or a prophecy?), in the Ethiopian folk who have but one foot, yet that so large, that when they lie down they hold it up as an umbrella between them and the sun; in the serpent-eaters of "Tracoda," who have no honest speech like ordinary men, but who "hissen as Serpentes don;" in the dog-headed inhabitants of the island of Nacumera, with their wealth of jewels and

their cannibal propensities; in the two-headed geese of the "Silha" isle, where furthermore is the lake which was made by the tears that Adam and Eve wept during the hundred years when they sat on the mountain, grieving over their expulsion; in the one-eyed people; in the people with eyes in their shoulders and no heads; in the people with no noses, and in the people with such big lips that they shadow their faces when they sleep in the sun; in the pigmy people, and the long-eared people—ears falling down to their knees; and the horse-footed people; and the four-footed people; and in good fat comely hens, woolly like sheep and destitute of feathers; with other wonders of as startling character and outrageous dimensions. So here was one traveller with his wallet full of tales, and pray how much of truth among them?

The book rejoicing in the name of The Spanish Mandevile of Myracles; or, the Garden of Curious Flowers, is not far behind the elder brother. In it we have a list of the marvellously prolific births which from time to time have afflicted mothers and distracted fathers; the most insignificant of which are four, five, six, seven, or so, full-grown lusty children brought into the world within a few moments of each other; the tale gradually increasing up to seventy well-proportioned children; then to one hundred and fifty perfect little human beings, each the bigness of one's finger; and lastly culminating in Lady Margaret's tremendous essay in this direction—that Lady Margaret of Holland, who had three hundred and ninety-six babies, "about the bignesse of little mise," all at once. Which mice or babes were baptised by one Guido, the Suffragan of Utrecht, the males by the name of John, and the females by that of Elizabeth—all, happily for Lady Margaret and her husband, Herman of Henneberg, dying the same day. And while on this delicate subject, the Spanish Mandevile tells of the extraordinary habit of the Neapolitan women, who never bring a baby into the world without giving it one or two little beasts like toads, as precursors of the higher organisation, which little beasts, if they touch the earth, the poor woman dies forthwith; beside other accounts of infant elephants, serpents, centaurs, ferrets, devils, &c., delivered up to the fond parent's arms, in place of the orthodox bundle of clothes and violet powder which every mother in her heart believes is to be the future wonder of the world. Then we have all Pliny's and Sir John's ethnological lies gravely repeated—with additions; and the same extraordinary inability to distinguish between men and monkeys formularised into a scientific fact; and the pigmies, and the cranes, and the Amazons, and the one-eyed, and the big-footed, and the horse-footed, the tailed, the dog-headed, and the eight-toed—this octave of toes turning backward at pleasure; and the double-tongued men of the miraculous island where the children use sundry big fowl as their horses, and where the poet might have found his Utopia and the Arab his gardens of Aden realised; and the men who live for forty days and more without drink-

ing; and the giants measuring ten or twelve feet; and the long-lived men of Pandora, whose term is somewhere about two or three hundred years, and whose hair in youth is hoary and grey, but in manhood black and brilliant; and the men who can make themselves young again—jolly old fellows of a hundred and more changing all, even to their very nails, and coming out suddenly as plump and brisk as they were at seventeen. This marvel the Spanish Mandeville vouches for as having known by his own knowledge in the year 1531, when a "centenarian" of Toronto one day cast his shrivelled old skin like a snake, holding his place for fifty years among the golden youth of his time, then suddenly becoming old and decrepid, and in colour "like the roote of a withered tree." Also, he endorses the story of the Indian, three hundred and forty years old, who had four times renewed his youth, and was then, in the year 1530, in the very prime and vigour of manhood. But this little instance of longevity is not nearly so wonderful as Bernis's delightful bit of extravagance in Orlando Innamorato, that makes one warrior kill a foe with such skill and delicacy that the slain, utterly unconscious of his departure from this life, fights away as doughtily as ever:

He, with his falchion aimed so well the blow,
And sever'd with such art the Pagan foe,
That still, as one, the separate parts adher'd,
And still, entire, unhurt, the man appear'd:
And as the limbs, while warm in action, feel
No sense of anguish from the wounding steel;
So the fierce knight, with vigour yet unbroke,
Fought on, though dead, unconscious of the stroke.

Tritons and mermaids of course there are, manlike and womanlike in all save those betraying fins for feet; and love affairs between the earth-men and the sea-people; and children born "within the memory of living men" partaking of both natures, according to the mixed character of their parentage; and the whole stock of the classical fables put forth when men were very young and very credulous and no absurdity was too absurd for credence, does the Spanish Mandeville offer as worthy of all acceptance.

Passing from men to things, we find a fountain in the island of Cerdonia, which blinds the thief who, taking false oath of his innocence, washes his face in the water in proof thereof, but gives added power and sharpness to the vision of the innocent man who has been accused wrongfully; and the old old stories of the barnacle geese, and the leaves which made themselves into insects—probably a dim notion of the phasmas, or spectre-insects, mantis and the like—and the fowl-bearing trees of England, of which Sir John also speaks, as of a thing known and proved in his time; and the fabulous lands of the North Pole; and the beasts and the birds and the fishes which the earth never bore, and the sun never saw since the foundation of the world—not even in the times of pterodactyles and megatheriums, and ichthyosaurs, with the rest of the pleasant gentlemen to be viewed daily at the Crystal Pa-

lace, with an inward wondering at the clumsiness of Nature in her first sketches. But our brave old ancestors accepted every account with more unquestioning belief than what our wise youngest child accords to Grimm's Goblins; and no matter how impossible the combination, or how unscientific the deduction, took faith to be better than reason, and nailed their flags to the mast of some old dreamer's "Thei seyn," which it would have savoured too much of the atheism of the Sadducee to have doubted. Thus the most monstrous fables have got themselves believed in this sheep-tracked world of ours, where men hold it to be a virtue not to widen the paths, and account him the holiest whose steps fall most precisely in the footmarks of his predecessor's; and poor Science was fain to have a hard fight of it before she was able to settle herself comfortably, and even now has to look out earnestly lest she be dispossessed by faith and superstition, which have always their arms ready.

In olden times—as in all time—men saw what they wanted to see, and experience rarely balked expectation. When our own brave adventurers first set out to find the gold and jewels of Montezuma and his land, they encountered wonders which no modern degenerate eyesight can discover, but which it would have been flat blasphemy then to have doubted; and the pilgrims' staff of Purchas and Sandys led them, like the divining rod, to treasures too far removed from this upper earth for ordinary wayfarers to possess. Who dared to question the fact of "gryphons" and dragons? Who was hardy enough to deny the possibility of human monsters, those discordant variations on a noble theme? Did not living men, honourable and veracious, vouch for the truth of "loathly worms" and horrid beasts which once were Christian knights or lovely maidens, now painfully bested by Satan's malevolent power, but even yet retaining something of humanity, in heart at least, if not in form? Was it not known that emeralds and diamonds were defended by demons and wild beasts, and only to be procured by the means of beefsteaks and eagles? And did not all the world confess to birds of prey so mighty and so bold, that a man on horseback was but a tit-bit for their callow young, opening cavernous mouths for what was no more to them than an earthworm to a sparrow? Mandeville has a picture of a mother griffin thus feeding her gaping nestlings, and a mighty pretty figure the poor little wooden doll of a knight makes in the claws of the immense, intelligent, and ruthless looking brute. Was there a sane man in England who would have doubted the evidence of that rude woodcut? Even to this day benighted individuals believe in artists, and think the representations of scenes of peril and adventure exact to a line. The daft bodies!—as if a man had nothing better to do than sit down and draw, when there was a tiger crouching to spring, or his friend writhing in the claws of a lion; and as if it was at all necessary that a man should have ever seen what

he undertakes to draw!—for are there not the Zoological Gardens and Kew, and what more can a man want?

Tom Corryat, in his Crudities, is about as truthful and unexaggerative as most travellers can be expected to be. Of course he tells a few lies, and accepts all the fables of the countries through which he passes as so many gospel truths; but he does not romance very excessively, and gives us a few queer and accurate glimpses of manners and customs, which are very valuable now because so genuine. As, when he commends the Italians for their delicacy in using table forks; and has actually the moral courage to adopt the habit here in finger-forking England, whereby he gets well laughed at by his friends. Then he sees mountebanks and rope-dancers, exactly like what we have at this very present day; and he is charmed at the ingenuity of the Venetians, who carry "little shades," or umbrellas of leather, stretched over elastic wooden ribs,—the great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers of the whole present generation of umbrellas, parasols, and sunshades. "They are used especially by horsemen, who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle upon one of their thighs, and they impart so long a shadow unto them, that it keepeth the heats of the sunne from the upper parts of their bodies." At Venice, Master Tom saw for the first time in his life women acting in public on the stage: "For I saw women acte, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath bene used in London, and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a player, as euer I saw any masculine actor."

Many customs and costumes special to certain localities, and in use at this time, are spoken of as things to be noted in those early years of sixteen hundred. There is the eider-down quilt, as a general German convenience, for one thing; and the long hair plaits of the Swiss women; and the little Swiss hat, so jauntily arranged and so becomingly placed; and the baths of Baden; and the cock of the clock at Strasbourg; but nothing of the *pâté de foie gras*, also peculiar to that place, though much of the rude, rough, lengthy bridge of planks and boards which stretched across the Rhine where now the magnificent bridge of Kehl spans over the turbid rolling waves. In spite of their pedantry and coarseness—two necessary ingredients in all works of Tom Corryat's date—those Crudities of his are strangely reliable and lifelike, if we except the legends and the self-glorifying exaggerations. But who would have supposed that the Rhine had once the same qualifications for the registrar-general's office as had the serpents of Sir John's Tracoda? For if the babes, whose mothers had forgotten their wifely duty, were laid upon the stream, presently the angry waters would swallow them up, as might

naturally be expected; but if those whose mothers were suspected wrongfully, and about whose birth hung no dark clouds of doubt, were also laid upon the stream, "he—the river—would gently and quietly conneigh them upon the toppe of the water, and restore them into the trembling hands of the wofull mother, yielding safety unto the silly babe as a most true testimony of the mother's impolluted chastity." It is scarcely advisable, though, for the honestest wife in the world to make the experiment with any poor silly babe of the present day, if she does not wish to commit murder and fall into the hands of the German police. But "times change, and we change with them," and the Rhine is no more conservative of old customs than aught else.

When we think of what the world swallowed then without a murmur—camels with three humps, and as big as elephants—and see what an onslaught takes place, what a straining and a difficulty if only the leg of a gnat is inaccurately described, we may congratulate ourselves on our progress in critical exactness at all events; but, as there is no hill without a hollow, so is there no gain without a loss. What we have gained in accuracy we have lost in colour, and the cold douches of critical reason have put out all the fires of romance. What a pity that chemistry and the sublime ravings of alchemy should not both be true together—that ethnology should have knocked all our elves and fairies on the head—that the cold-blooded Geographical Society should have dried up the rivers of Paradise, and destroyed the green glories of Eden—and that the Zoological Gardens should have entombed for ever, all the dragons, and cockatrices, and griffins, and rocs, and unicorns, and basilisks, and phoenixes, and mermaids, which charmed the listening world when it was young! Now we have railroads and steam-vessels, but never an enchanted horse nor a magic carpet, and alas! alas! never a friendly gnome nor a gracious fairy to turn our dead leaves to gold, and to carry us with a thought to the dear arms of love and home. Ah me! The world has lost even while it has gained, and there are worse tales than the tales of travellers to be told!

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